

THE LIVING AGE.

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HYMN.

WEARY of wandering from my God,
And now made willing to return,
I hear and bow me to the rod ;
For thee, not without hope I mourn ;
I have an Advocate above,
A Friend before the throne of love.
O Jesus, full of truth and grace,
More full of grace than I of sin ;
Yet once again I seek Thy face,
Open thine arms and take me in ;
And freely my backslidings heal,
And love the faithless sinner still.

Thou know'st the way to bring me back,
My fallen spirit to restore ;
Oh ! for Thy truth and mercy's sake,
Forgive and bid me sin no more ;
The ruins of my soul repair,
And make my heart a house of prayer.

The stone to flesh again convert ;
The veil of sin again remove ;
Sprinkle Thy blood upon my heart,
And melt it with Thy dying love ;
This rebel heart by love subdue,
And make it soft and make it new.

Give to mine eyes refreshing tears,
And kindle my relunctings now ;
Fill my whole soul with filial fears ;
To Thy sweet yoke my spirit bow ;
Bend by Thy grace, O bend or break
The iron sinew in my neck.

Ah, give me, Lord, the tender heart,
That trembles at th' approach of sin ;
A godly fear of sin impart ;
Implant and root it deep within ;
That I may dread Thy gracious power,
And never dare t' offend Thee more.

—*Methodist Hymns, Edition 1829.*

FOLLOW THOU ME.

BY HORATIUS BONAR, D. D.

RESTORE to me the freshness of my youth,
And give me back my soul's keen edge again,
What time has blunted ! Oh ! my early truth,
Shall I not you regain ?
Ah, mine has been a wasted life at best,
All unreality, and long unrest ;
Yes, I have lived in vain !

But now no more in vain—my soul, awake !
Shake off the snare, untwist the fastening
chain :

Arise, go forth ; the selfish slumber break,
Thy idle dreams restrain !
Still half thy life before thee lies untrod ;
Live for the endless living, live for God !
I must not live in vain !

My God, the way is rough, and sad the night,
And my soul faints and breathes this weeping
strain .

And the world hates me with its bitterest spite—
For I have left its train,
With thee and with thy saints to cast my lot :
Ah, my dear Lord, let me not be forgot,
Let me not live in vain !

Can we not part in silence, once, for ever—
This world and I ? From scorn and taunt
refrain ?

Must it still hate and wound ? still stir the fever
Of this poor throbbing brain ?
Ah, yes, it must be so ; my God, my God,
'Tis the true discipline, the needed rod,
Else I should live in vain ?

The foe is strong—his venomous rage I dread,
Yet, O my God, do thou his wrath restrain ;
Shield me in battle, soothe my aching head
In the sharp hour of pain ;
But more than this, oh, give me toiling faith,
Large-hearted love, and zeal unto the death !
Let me not live in vain !

Restore to me the freshness of my youth,
And give me back my soul's keen edge again ;
Ah, let my spring return ! Bright hope and
truth,
Shall I not you regain ?
No wasted life, my God, shall mine now be ;
Hours, days, and years, filled up with toil for
thee,
I shall not live in vain !

A NEW hymn for the evening, in the last collection of the Christian Knowledge Society, by the authoress of "Moral Songs."

The roseate hues of early dawn,
The brightness of the day,
The crimson of the sunset sky,
How fast they fade away !
Oh ! for the pearly gates of heaven,
Oh ! for the golden floor,
Oh ! for the Sun of Righteousness,
That setteth nevermore !

The highest hopes we cherish here,
How fast they tire and faint !
How many a spot defiles the robe
That wraps an earthly saint !
Oh ! for a heart that never sins,
Oh ! for a soul wash'd white,
Oh ! for a voice to praise our King,
Nor weary day or night.

Here faith is ours, and heavenly hope,
And grace to lead us higher ;
But there are perfectness, and peace,
Beyond our best desire.
Oh ! by thy love, and anguish, Lord !
Oh ! by thy life laid down !
Oh ! that we fall not from thy grace,
Nor cast away our crown.

From The Edinburgh Review.

History of England from the Fall of Wolsey to the Death of Elizabeth. By James Antony Froude, M.A., late Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford. Vols. I.—IV. London: 1858.

IN undertaking to write the history of the period over which these volumes extend, Mr. Froude has enjoyed great advantages over previous historians. He has had the complete collection of State Papers of the reign of Henry VIII., edited, in eleven volumes, by Mr. Robert Lemon, under the authority of the Commission for publishing State Papers, the first five volumes of which only had been brought out when Dr. Lingard published his last edition. He has also had a large manuscript collection of copies of letters, minutes of council, theological tracts, parliamentary petitions, depositions upon trials, and miscellaneous communications upon the state of the country furnished by agents of the Government, all relating to the early years of the English Reformation, which was generously placed in his hands for the purposes of this work, by Sir Francis Palgrave, who had discovered these documents in the course of his employment upon the public records. We are glad to be informed that, the part of Mr. Froude's work comprising the reign of Henry VIII. having been now completed, this collection will be given to the world. Mr. Froude also appears to have had illustrative documents placed at his command from other quarters, and to have appreciated the value of other authentic sources of information, which had been comparatively neglected by his predecessors. He writes under the auspices of a new school of historical composition, which requires effect to be produced not by brilliant rhetoric and imposing generalization, but by minute accuracy of detail. This change in the mode of describing past characters and events, is analogous to the change from idealism to realism in painting. Pre-raphaelitism, both of the pen and the brush, is a useful correction of a previous morbid tendency, though it is itself liable, like all other movements, to exaggeration, and will probably be followed in time by a reaction; a reaction which, in the case of history, will be fostered by the necessary prolixity of minute historians, and the difficulty of reading a history of England (to say nothing of the history of other countries) in two or three

hundred octavo volumes, amidst the conflicting claims of other departments of knowledge, and the pressing avocations of a busy world.

Mr. Froude has evidently a genuine love of historical research, which has led him to make the most of the increased copiousness of his materials; and the chapters of his book on the Protestants, on Ireland, on Scotland, on the Pilgrimage of Grace, and on the French War, as well as many minor portions of the work, are so much fuller than the accounts of the same subjects given by his predecessors, that they may be said to be additions to the history of England. The account of the Pilgrimage of Grace given by Lingard occupies five pages. The account of the same occurrences given by Mr. Froude occupies eighty-eight pages, and this space is almost entirely filled with graphic and, for the most part, interesting details. The details are selected with judgment and taste, and thrown into a vivid and striking form by the powers of a fine imagination.

The narrative moves slow; nor has Mr. Froude the rare gift of preserving the perfect unity of a great historical drama, amidst great complexity of events and frequent shiftings of the scenes. His history, to adopt a metaphor which he himself applies to a part of it, passes before us like a series of slides in a magic lantern, bright and glowing but not sufficiently connected. It is much, however, that the slides are bright and glowing; that highest form of narrative power in which he is deficient, has been vouchsafed to few masters of the historic art. The book is greatly overloaded with long quotations from State Papers; but this arises less from a fault of literary judgment, than from an exaggerated estimate of the historical and moral value of every thing that proceeded from the government of Henry VIII.

Of Mr. Froude's style of writing different opinions will be formed, according as the critic is satisfied with the highly composite and somewhat flaccid English of the present day, or desires more of the strength and sweetness of the Saxon element of our language; a question of taste which it is quite beyond our present purpose and limits to decide. But the praise of grace and perspicuity cannot be denied. As little can a doubt be raised of the beauty of certain sentimental and poetical passages which are scattered, not

too lavishly or inappropriately, through the work. We may mention, as instances, the passage on the connexion between the movements of the Reformation and the great astronomical and maritime discoveries of the day in vol. i. p. 31.; and that on the two armies of martyrs, Romanist and Protestant, drawn out for the heroic conflict of mutual endurance in vol. ii. p. 342. The first of these passages, indeed, is doubtful in fact, since the countrymen of Galileo and Columbus remained Roman Catholic; and the second is doubtful in sentiment, since the butchering by a persecutor of an unresisting victim, is occasioned by none of the necessities, and mitigated by none of the chivalry, of war: but the commendation which has been bestowed on both as pieces of fine writing, is well deserved. Nor must we omit to do a just homage to the descriptive power evinced in such scenes as the coronation of Anne Boleyn, the landing of the English army at Edinburgh, the sea-fight off St. Helens, some of the martyrdoms, and the assassination of Cardinal Beton. It is but a slight drawback from the merit of such pictures, that the imagination which produces them sometimes overstrains itself, and talks of an execution having taken place "on that dreary November day," and of a proclamation being posted "on that hot Midsummer day," when the first may, for all we know, have been a glorious autumn afternoon, and the second, a morning of unusual severity even in an English summer. Mr. Froude has a great command of beautiful imagery, which, as might be expected, occasionally runs a little wild. The tone of his writing is sometimes rather mawkish: we come to read history, not to sigh over it. But this, again, is the exaggeration of a genuine sensibility which lies at the root of a good deal of the excellency of his work. In style, as in sentiment, he often palpably imitates Mr. Carlyle; there are also decided traces of the literary influence of Dr. Newman, especially in the more poetical and in the more sophistical passages.

The extended religious experience and converse which Mr. Froude has gone through in the course of his devious theological career, has given him a great advantage in depicting the various shades of religious sentiment and the various phases of religious party. He can enter into the feelings of Romanists, Anglo-Catholics, Protestants, and Anabaptists,

with equal sympathy, and portray them with equal grace. Religious conservatism, moderation, and fanaticism,—he knows them and can forcibly depict them all. He understands the love which manifests itself towards an erring brother in the charities of persecution. He can enter fully into the attractions of religious submission, and he can enter as fully into the attractions of religious insurrection. He has studied every fold of the clerical character, and knows the odium theologium in all its manifestations. We doubt whether, in this great qualification for portraying the phases of a complicated, various, and wavering religious movement, he has ever had a superior among historians. But Mr. Froude does not possess the same advantages in dealing with questions of politics, jurisprudence, or political economy, as in dealing with questions of religious sentiment.

Of his political reasoning the following is a fair specimen. He is justifying the use of the Test of Supremacy, with a view to the judicial murder of Fisher and More:—

"In the present happy condition of this country even liberty of insurrection might be entertained as a private opinion, and might be maintained publicly as an abstract principle, without danger. But within a very few years we have seen a law passed, which made the assertion of such a liberty an act of felony; and the circumstances of the year 1848 will enable us, if we reflect, not upon what these circumstances actually were, but on what they easily might have been, to understand the position of Henry VIII's government at the moment of the separation from Rome. If the danger in that year had ceased to be imaginary—if Ireland had broken into a real insurrection—if half the population of England had been socialist, and had been in secret league with the leaders of the revolution in Paris for a combined attack upon the State by insurrection and invasion—the mere passing of a law, making the use of seditious language an act of treason, would not have been adequate to the danger. Suspected persons would have been justly submitted to questions on their allegiance, and insufficient answers would have been interpreted as justifying suspicion. Not the expression only of opinions subversive of society, but the holding such opinions however discovered, would have been regarded and treated as a crime with the full consent of what is called the common sense and educated judgment of the nation."

It is a singular fact that, in a country where so much political discussion goes on as in

England, a highly educated man should be living under the impression that the imposition of tests of political opinion, to be taken under penalty of death, is a measure to which our statesmen would feel themselves at liberty to resort, and in resorting to which they would be supported by the common sense and educated judgment of the nation. We need hardly say that all the circumstances of Mr. Froude's hypothesis actually existed or were fully believed by the Tory Government to exist at the commencement of the revolutionary war; but the Tories, though ready to adopt the most extreme measures that panic could suggest, or that bigotry would sanction, did not consider it competent for them to put a Tory test to the Whigs, and send to the scaffold those who declined to take it. We profess ourselves at a loss to divine what the measure is, which has taken in Mr. Froude's imagination the shape of an Act making it felony to assert the liberty of insurrection as an abstract principle.

It is difficult to believe that Mr. Froude has ever seen the face of English justice. If he had, it would scarcely be possible for him to give such an account as he has given of the trials of Fisher and More. He says of Cromwell that, "in fairness he should have been tried; but it would have added nothing to his chances of escape; he could not disprove the accusations." It appears never to have occurred to him that a fair trial is the only mode of ascertaining whether the accused person can disprove the accusations or not, and, consequently, the only judicial evidence that history can accept of their truth or falsehood. A conviction on the unsupported evidence of the council for the Crown seems to him a perfectly conclusive, though harsh mode of condemnation. Indeed, to assume that guilt is sometimes so great as to require no evidence, is a pervading habit of his mind, which we need hardly say a month's observation of the conduct of judicial investigations in a court of law would have totally dispelled. When he has enumerated a list of trumpety absurdities which "must have been symptoms of an animus to the Crown persecutors," he regards "the case for the prosecution" as "complete." "*Whether the extremity of suspicion was justified is of little importance.*" Enough had been proved to bring Surrey under the letter of the treason law, and to make him far more than guilty under

the spirit of it," is a very fair specimen of his judicial language. Of the same body of evidence he prettily observes, that "truth and falsehood, suspicion and certainty, gathered up into one black ominous storm." The most tainted witness is good enough to convict a "traitor" to Henry's infallibility, "if the pressure of the times" makes a conviction useful. Indeed, the most romantic girl is not less exacting in her demands of proof against the enemies of her lover than he is against any of the objects of Henry VIII.'s anger or suspicion. In reference to questions of general jurisprudence, he is as free from the restraints of ordinary principles as he is in reference to questions of judicial investigation. "A chasm lay between the two estimates of the same subject, which would not readily be filled," is his way of justifying a breach of faith on the part of the government towards amnestied rebels. In another case, the question being whether the Government is bound by the terms of a surrender made to the Viceroy of Ireland, he seems to think this question not ill solved by keeping the person who had surrendered for some time in prison previous to putting him to death. No doubt in all this he is led astray by his prepossessions as much as by his want of familiarity with legal principles; but it is impossible not to draw the inference that some knowledge of law and law courts is a useful accomplishment for an historian who is to form judgments upon questions of criminal justice.

With regard to Mr. Froude's notions of political economy, it is perhaps sufficient to say, that he evidently believes it possible to make food, and other articles of commerce, cheap by legislative regulations; that he assumes the era of protective and sumptuary legislation to be separated from us by so vast a chasm of time and thought, that we can no longer understand the views and motives upon which the authors of such legislation proceeded; and that he represents the debasement of the currency in 1546 as "a temporary loan from the Mint, and a proceeding not distinguishable, except in form, from the suspension of specie payments in 1797." The last-mentioned opinion reveals a want of knowledge of history beyond the period with which the writer is immediately concerned, which betrays itself elsewhere, and especially in his account of the feudal system. An acquaintance with the repeated struggles

between mediæval sovereigns and their subjects about the debasement of the currency must surely have enlightened even the most romantic and prejudiced mind as to the true nature of the proceeding of Henry VIII.

But, unfortunately, the great merits of Mr. Froude's work are defaced by a still graver defect than any mere want of special knowledge, and one which, unless he has the courage to eradicate it, will probably convert into a mere quarry for future historians that which might have been an enduring edifice of his own fame. This defect is a pervading paradox of the most extravagant kind.

When the learned but insane Hardouin was taken to task for his paradoxical theory respecting the authorship of the Classics, he answered, that he did not get up at four o'clock every morning merely to say what others had said before him. In the same way Mr. Froude seems to have thought that it would be an unsatisfactory result of all his laborious researches, if they ended in furnishing him merely with a mass of new and interesting details, illustrating the received view of the occurrences of the time, or even with some important modifications of that view in regard to questions of a secondary kind. Some great discovery must be made to reward adequately so much labor, and to satisfy the expectation raised by the opening of mines of documentary evidence hitherto unexplored. This discovery is, that the reign of Henry VIII. is a "palimpsest," the original writing of which being restored by Mr. Froude, who has detected it beneath the legends written over it by calumny and prejudice, Henry VIII., though his administration was beset with difficulties and clouded by domestic infelicity, comes forth as a perfect king, while his supposed victims are converted into criminals, whom the best of sovereigns was compelled, by their misdeeds, and by the urgent pressure of circumstances, to sacrifice to his sense of public duty.

The present tendencies of Mr. Froude's philosophy probably conspired with the fascinations of literary paradox in inducing him to adopt the imperious Tudor as the almost faultless hero of his history. Henry VIII., whatever may have been the detractions from this moral perfection of his character, was not deficient in force; and force is evidently the present object of Mr. Froude's sentimental admiration. By a most natural reaction the

author of "The Nemesis of Faith" and "The Shadows of the Clouds" has now embraced "muscular Christianity," combined with the "Hero Worship" of Mr. Carlyle, whose influence, as we have before mentioned, is visible in his reflections and in his style. Approaching the history of the English Reformation in this temper of mind, he could scarcely fail to be captivated by the strong will, the forcible language, and the vigorous administration of the second Tudor. He states, and we have no doubt with perfect accuracy, that "when he commenced the examination of the records, he brought with him the inherited impression, from which he had neither any thought nor any expectation that he should be disabused." He found, however, that this impression "melted between his hands." It has melted so completely, that there is scarcely one of Henry's actions,—persecutions, confiscations, multiplied acts of attainder, divorces, assumptions by the Crown of dominion over conscience, violent and sanguinary revolutions of policy, bloody vagrancy laws, breaches of amnesty, inroads upon the constitution, benevolences, repudiations of loans, debasings of the currency, diplomatic assassinations,—which does not come out laudable to masculine and comprehensive minds. The restoration of a palimpsest is a very feeble image whereby to depict a discovery unequalled in the annals of historical research. To render the illustration adequate, we must suppose the writing over the palimpsest to be an account of the same matter exactly contradicting that which was given by the palimpsest itself.

The palimpsest commences with a view, reversing all our former views, of the state of society under the feudal system; for the feudal system it is, though the familiar features are almost lost under the roseate haze of sentiment, and the familiar name is scarcely breathed. The materials for this portion of the restoration, however, are not Mr. Robert Lemon's newly published State Papers, nor Sir Francis Palgrave's "neglected manuscripts fast perishing of decay." They are the Statutes of the Realm, a source of information not very "imperfectly known," as regards the Constitution and the law, to Mr. Reeves and Mr. Hallam, nor, as regards social and economical legislation, to Mr. Eden and Adam Smith—to say nothing of Barrington on the Statutes and Cobbett's Parliamentary History. "There are times," says Mr. Froude, pen-

sively, "in which I think that more which is really valuable in English history lies in these unobtrusive statutes, than in all our noisy wars, reformations, and revolutions." He will find that Adam Smith has some remarks on that very attempt to do battle against the "manifestations of the devil's power," by means of sumptuary laws, which he is here lauding above Agincourt, the Constitution, and the Liturgy; remarks which seem almost pointed at the sumptuary hero of all the pageants and jousts recounted by Hall, and of that crowning act of Henry VIII.'s sumptuary conflict with the devil—the Field of the Cloth of Gold. But if the statutes and the other records of feudalism have not been imperfectly known, they have certainly been "misinterpreted through natural prejudice," in an extraordinary degree. For it seems the social system established by William the Conqueror and his Normans, of which the Tudor era saw the lamentable but inevitable decay, was the system of a time "when the nation was in a normal condition of militancy against social injustice; when the government was enabled by happy circumstances to pursue into detail a single and serious aim at the well-being—well-being in its widest sense—of all the members of the commonwealth. Villenage was a coherence of society on principles of fidelity," when "men were held together by oaths, free acknowledgments, and reciprocal obligations," and the fealty of the villain "was treated rather as a free promise to be given than as a thing to be compelled, and the dignity of the man was preserved even while acknowledging the obligations of his service." The Norman Forest Laws served only to enhance the excitement of field sports by danger to the Saxon sportsman; indeed, it is the merry rogues who were hanged and mutilated under those laws, if anybody, that stand in need of a playful apology to pedants for the immoral fun which they enjoyed. The statesmen of the day had attentively considered the subject of population, and found it better that it should remain stationary; a result which was secured by the beneficent agency of the Wars of the Roses and the Black Death. The feudal legislators who fixed the price of herrings, without regard to the season and the wages of labor without reference to the price of bread, and who prohibited money from being carried out of the country in trade, while they exported

it by millions for filibustering wars, were not ignorant of political economy; but they set its base and selfish laws aside, in their aspirations after a high moral idea. So high was that ideal that it is absolutely beyond our conception in this degenerate age, which has nothing to connect it with the corn laws passed out of anxiety for the British "farmers and laborers" by the landlord legislators of Edward IV., except the faint links of sympathy preserved by the sepulchral monuments and the sound of the church bells. The attempts of the feudal Parliament to force traders and victuallers to sell their goods under price to the households of persons of quality, were a noble rebuke to the "greedy and covetous" minds of persons in trade. The laws of apparel were not passed to prevent roturiers from dressing like their feudal betters, but to hold every man at his post in the happy social army, pending the great struggle of the Reformation. The life of the country gentleman was a laborious course of public duty with scanty remuneration; and the nobility set an honorable example of economy and self-denial, by keeping enormous trains of riotous retainers, instead of operabuses and yachts. The Acts against enclosures (which Mr. Froude seems not to be aware were the subjects of contemporary discussion) were intended not merely to keep up the military services and aids, but to put down selfishness in the exercise of the rights of property, and prevent people from taking a "commercial" view of the ownership of land. The trade monopolies of the guilds were not granted for the interests of the members of those guilds, or even for the encouragement of trade in the ordinary sense, but in order that the legislature, "might not let that indispensable task go wholly unattempted of distributing the various functions of society by the rule of capacity." Everybody, in those days, was almost as great a dramatic genius as Shakspeare, except, unluckily, those who attempted to rival him in writing dramas. A multitude of Acts, often reiterated, against fraud in various departments of commerce, prove that then indeed there was honest dealing between man and man. The universal hatred of idleness is in like manner demonstrated by the bloody vagrancy laws. Two of those laws providing for the flogging of men and women till their backs are bloody—the flogging of "impotent"

persons,—branding, mutilating, and hanging for the third offence—and for the delivering to strange masters, and, in case of resistance, publicly flogging children *above five*,—are of peculiar interest, because “the merit of them, or the guilt, if guilt there be,” belongs to Henry’s own royal hand. We apprehend that to the true hero-worshipper the “guilt” of an act of oppression is, if not its “merit,” at least its fascination. What enhances the virtue of the rulers of the State and the laity in this heroic age is, that all the time the Rulers of the Church and the clergy, who should be the salt of society, had not only lost their savor but become absolute poison.

The most important discoveries of this part of the “palimpsest” are two respecting the Statutes of Laborers. The ordinary opinion is that the laboring population having been thinned by the great plague in the reign of Edward III., and the wages of labor having risen accordingly, a statute was passed by the feudal landowners in the interest of the employer, to prohibit the laborer, under penalties, from taking advantage of the state of the market, and to compel him to serve, upon demand, at the old rate of wages; and that this statute was followed by a line of similar statutes, as well as by other statutes passed in the same interest to restrain the children of agricultural laborers from being apprenticed to trades, and thereby withdrawing their labor from the land. This view of the matter was countenanced by the express words of the legislators, who, to do them justice, were no sentimentalists, and who avowed their paternal and generous object in the plainest terms which the English language could supply. It was also countenanced by the oaths and the heavy and increasing penalties by which it was attempted to bind the reluctant laborer to regulations which, if they had been made in his interest, not in the interest of the employer, he would have observed, or rather have enforced on the employer, of his own accord. And it was further countenanced by the clauses which provide, that where the customary rate of wages is already below the maximum fixed by the statute, the customary rate, and no higher, shall continue to be taken, the statute notwithstanding. The germs of the bloody Vagrancy Laws, in which Mr. Froude takes such austere delight, are found in the same statutes, and lead to the suspicion that the Vagrancy Laws, the Statutes of Laborers,

and the Acts restraining Apprenticeship, were all parts of a great legislative effort of the feudal landlords to prevent the laborer from carrying his labor to a free market in the rising towns and bind him down again to the feudal soil. In Mr. Froude’s “palimpsest,” however, this is all entirely reversed; and the Statutes of Laborers, instead of being selfish attempts of the feudal Parliaments to lower the laborers’ wages in their own interest, turn out to have been, in fact, most disinterested ordinances passed by those philanthropic rulers for the purpose of raising the laborers’ wages against themselves. The penalties imposed on the laborer for nonobservance of the statutes, and his evident efforts to escape from them, must, we presume, be explained by reference to the Quixotic public spirit of both parties; the patriot laborer endeavoring to renounce the boon which the patriot landowner was determined to bestow. The insurrection of Wat Tyler and his fellows, of the German peasants, and of the French Jacques, against the whole of a social system which was formed and maintained for their especial benefit, will admit of a similar explanation. The statutes restraining the agricultural poor from putting their sons to trade, may be said to show the anxiety of the legislative sage, lest the enterprising Rasselas of the feudal manor should, in an evil hour for himself, quit the Happy Valley of Villenage, stray to the selfish commercial town, and plunging into the “unequal struggle with capital,” the natural enemy of labor, fall for want of feudal protection in that hopeless conflict, and sink into a Whittington. The statutes or clauses of statutes, lengthening the hours of work and cutting off holidays, must have been wrung by the conscientious laborer from the reluctant bosom of his too-indulgent lord.

The second discovery relates to the rate of wages fixed by the Statutes of Laborers, and has been so fully discussed by a contemporary,* that we need only glance at it here. The statutes give the laborer his choice between two scales of wages, one daily, the other by the year. The daily scale for a farm servant, by 6 Henry VIII. c. 3., is 4*d.* for half the year, and 3*d.* for the other half. The yearly scale is 16*s.* 8*d.*, with 4*s.* for clothes, and a personal allowance for food, which, from documents quoted by Mr. Eden, (vol. i.

* See the British Quarterly Review for last April.

p. 46.) appears to have been of a very coarse kind, and which the contemporary to whom we have alluded values at 10s., but which, to be safe, we will value at 15s. a year. It seems obvious that the yearly and daily scale being offered as alternatives, check each other, and that in the then low state of agriculture the laborer could only get as many days' work in the year as would make up his yearly earnings to about 35s. According to Mr. Froude's "palimpsest," however, the laborer could command an engagement for the year at the daily rate, which is made up to 4d. a day on the average all the year round by a conjectural addition for harvest work; though, we may remark, artificers were specially compelled by Statute (12 Richard II.) to work on the farms in harvest in order to keep down the price of labor at that season. And thus his wages are raised from 36s. to £5 a year, considerably more than the rent of a farm on which six laborers were kept, and a quarter of the income of a justice of the peace, as stated respectively in Mr. Froude's own pages. From these wages the happy peasant who could command them was perpetually trying to escape, and was imprisoned, stocked, and branded for so doing.

The decline of the commercial part of this admirable system must, it seems, be connected with the deep melancholy which settled down on Queen Elizabeth in her later years. Why so admirable a system went to decay under so admirable a sovereign, just at the moment when the nation exchanged a false for a true religion, it is a little difficult to discern from the "palimpsest." The discovery of America and of the correct theory of the solar system does not seem to us an adequate, or even a rational, account of the matter. The complication and fluctuation of employment and population, also seems as insufficient to explain such a relapse, on the part of an heroic nation, from a high ideal to the consecration of absolute "baseness," as the rule of social life. There is something, perhaps, nearer the mark, in the hint that a deficiency was ultimately found of men honest enough to regulate other people's interests without looking to their own; though it is curious that this should have occurred at the very moment when Mr. Froude celebrates the opening of a new and glorious era. Why should people have grown less trustworthy and lower in their views of social obligation, in the same

proportion as they grew more sincerely and rationally religious? Perhaps, after all, the safest explanation is that it was "inevitable." We may set all cross-questioning at defiance so long as we hold the spigot of destiny and can turn upon the importunate querist the overwhelming tide of fate.

Here perhaps would have been the place to tell us something definite about the political constitution of England under the Tudors. What was the composition and character of the two Houses of Parliament, and how far were they independent of the Crown? We should also have been glad to know what the Judges and Juries were like, and how justice was done between the Crown and the subject. About judges and juries we do not remember that we get a single syllable of information through the whole course of these pages. About the Constitution we get scattered hints, and those of a rather contradictory kind. In one case we are told that the "despotism of Henry was splendidly veiled when he could applaud so resolved an assertion of the liberties of the House of Commons (it is only the assertion of their personal privilege of freedom from arrest, in the Ferrars' case), and could acknowledge that any portion of his own power was dependent on their presence and their aid" (vol. iv. p. 151). But in Lambert's case (iii. 340.) the Crown seems so completely bound by the law that it cannot, even in the most touching circumstances, exercise the prerogative of mercy. When a butcherly vagrancy law has been twice "formally passed" by Parliament, it becomes "the expressed conviction of the English nation" (i. 78). But in iii. 375. (where some very instructive details are given respecting the general election of 1539), we are told that "the returns for the boroughs were determined by the chief owners of property within the limits of the franchise; those for the counties depended on the great landholders," which, in a case of vagrancy laws especially, would make the voice of Parliament something considerably short of the "expressed conviction of the English nation." We want to know who really originates persecuting acts, confiscations, repudiations, acts of attainer, and recommendations to a beloved sovereign to marry again the day after cutting off his wife's head; and whether the verdict of the jury in a case of treason is good for any thing as evidence of the guilt of the

prisoner? There is a great disposition on the part of the writer of the "palimpsest" to fix questionable transactions on the Parliament and the nation; but his language is far from explicit. The seat of responsibility appears to be placed behind a mysterious cloud, where the force of circumstances gathers, breaking forth from time to time in an inevitable demand for somebody's money or head.

It is rather fortunate that the "palimpsest" begins with the fall of Wolsey, and not at the commencement of Henry's reign. The author is thus spared the necessity of contrasting the Defender of the Papal Supremacy and the assailant of Luther, with the framer of the test of the Royal Supremacy, and the bloody persecutor of Haughton, Fisher, and More. The review of the early years of the king is done with a very delicate hand. It appears, however, that Henry was throwing himself into the Roman Catholic system, indulgences and all, like a Newmanite throwing himself into the system of the Church of England as a spiritual experiment; but that about the time when he wished to get rid of his wife, and the Pope refused to help him, he found that the fatal hour had struck and that the Church of Hildebrand could not be restored. The eye of the author of the "palimpsest," however, saw the Pope's enemy in the "Defender of the Faith," from the beginning. "It is certain that if, as I said, he had died before the divorce was mooted, Henry VIII., like that Roman emperor said by Tacitus to have been *consensu omnium dignus imperii nisi imperasset*, would have been considered by posterity as formed by Providence for the conduct of the Reformation. We must allow him, therefore, the benefit of his past career, and be careful to remember it when interpreting his later actions." But the historian himself does not remember Henry's past career, or allow him the benefit of it when he is cutting off the heads of More and Fisher for continuing to believe the doctrines which he had himself vehemently defended.

In the case of the divorce of Catherine of Arragon (where Mr. Froude at once shows his superiority to his predecessors in documentary illustration and fulness of discussion) the writer of the "palimpsest" takes the king's side as vehemently as if he had stood in the shoes of Anne Boleyn; but, by a bold and unexpected stroke, entirely alters the king's plea. The king applied to the Pope to

have his marriage with Catherine declared null, on the theological and canonical ground of the invalidity of the dispensation under which that marriage had been contracted. This was the question laid before the Universities, and if it had not been also the question before the Pope, the opinions of those bodies would have been quite irrelevant. The alleged danger to the succession from the want of an heir male to the Crown was urged only as a ground for claiming speedy judgment. Mr. Froude, however, proposes to discard the theological plea and transfer the case to the broad and intelligible ground of political necessity. He wishes "the theological labyrinth had never been entered," and even that the monarch whose admirable theological productions he is afterwards to celebrate, had never received a theological education. No doubt the theological plea was most unsound and hypocritical. Whether the original dispensation to marry Arthur's widow was good or bad, twenty years of cohabitation with Catherine, and the birth of several children, one of whom was still living and had been brought up as a legitimate child, had made the marriage a good marriage in the sight of God; and to do what Mr. Froude admits was a cruel though "necessary" (i.e. convenient) injustice to Catherine and bastardize her daughter on the theological ground, was to suppose that God abhors a technical flaw more than a substantial wrong. But still, to shift the ground of one of the greatest controversies (as well as the very filthiest) that ever agitated Christendom, at this distance of time, is a ticklish operation, even for the most skilful advocate. It is like Dr. Newman's attempt to transfer the time-worn edifice of Romanism from the old foundation of Tradition to the new foundation of Development. Mr. Froude is under the impression that the Pope was the depository of a general dispensing power which would have enabled him to divorce Henry from Catherine, and permit the King to marry again, and that a *causa urgentissima* had arisen for the exercise of this power, that *causa urgentissima* being the paramount interest of the English nation in having an heir to the throne. But this impression is a complete mistake. The Pope may declare a marriage null on canonical grounds, and this power was very grossly abused about the time of Henry VIII., in favor of parties who

wished to be released from marriages, and who alleged technical pre-contracts or factitious consanguinity. But the Pope, though he may declare a marriage null on frivolous canonical grounds, has no power to divorce parties canonically married, even for the most urgent reasons of expediency. Marriage, in the Roman Catholic Church, is a sacrament, which is in its nature indelible; and a man can no more be unmarried than he can be unbaptized. Mr. Froude, therefore, in abandoning the theological and canonical ground, has abandoned the only ground the king had to stand on. At the same time he inadvertently justifies the Pope, who, if the only plea before him was a sham plea, might be pardoned for dealing with it as sham; and who, if political expediency was the point on which the question really turned, was no more bound to consult the political interests of England than those of his own States and Italy in general, then lying at the mercy of Catherine's nephew, Charles. We cannot help thinking that if Mr. Froude had been writing in those days, and had broached his present opinions in "the king's great matter," deploring "that the theological labyrinth had been entered," and that his Highness had received a theological education, he would have been considered to have "lost his way in the world," and to be "unable or unwilling to recover it," and that he would consequently have "been dismissed out of it" by a process of heroic succinctness.

The king's plea was conscience, and the hazard to his eternal salvation. But his conscience was so constructed that it could be comforted only by a decision of the question on that which it might have been supposed was the least comfortable side. Those agonies of a tortured mind, which revealed themselves about this period in perpetual joustings, feasting, and masqueradings, could be assuaged by nothing but a decision that his wife was a harlot, and his daughter a bastard, and that his own life had been one long incest. To procure this soothing unction he, as Mr. Froude admits, bribed, cozened, and intimidated without limit. The plea of counter-intimidation and counter-corruption on the part of the imperialists may hold in regard to the Italian universities, but it will not hold with regard to the German universities, or with regard to Paris, where the government influence was all on Henry's side. Much less

will it hold with regard to Oxford and Cambridge. The plea of the universal prostitution of ecclesiastics, which Mr. Froude urges with so much zest, is rebutted by the fact that his Highness had to undertake the graceful task of interfering personally at Oxford to bully the university into declaring his marriage an incest. Cambridge was more "open" and "manly," and voting black white, "escaped direct humiliation." We presume, therefore, that Dr. Buckmaster, the Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge, was speaking only of *indirect* humiliation when he said, as recorded in Mr. Froude's pages, "All the world almost crieth out of Cambridge for this act, and specially of me." At Oxford the old heads and doctors "found no difficulty in submitting their consciences to State dictation." The young masters made a vigorous stand, not perceiving, through their want of experience and statesmanship, how much a decision notoriously unconscientious and corrupt would tend to convince Europe, and settle the interests of the kingdom.

"These admonitory clauses (of the king's letter to the university) were sufficiently clear, they were scarcely needed, however, by the older members of the university. An enlarged experience of the world, which years at Oxford as well as elsewhere do not fail to bring with them, a just appreciation of the condition of the kingdom, and a sense of the obligations of subjects in times of political difficulty, sufficed to reconcile the heads of the college to obedience; and threats were not required where it is unlikely that a thought of hesitation was entertained. But there was a class of residents which appears to be perennial in that university, composed out of the younger masters; a class which, defective alike in age, in wisdom or in knowledge, was distinguished by a species of theoretic high church fanaticism; and which, until it received its natural correction from advancing years, required from time to time to be protected against its own extravagance by some form of external pressure. These were the persons whom the king was addressing in his more severe language, and it is not without reason that he had recourse to it."

It so happens that the tendency of the young Oxford masters at this period was not to High Churchmanship but to Lutheranism, as may partly be gathered from Mr. Froude's own pages; and they were united, to the honor of Protestantism, with the Lutherans of Germany in opposition to the divorce.

But this does not diminish our enjoyment of this skillful attempt by a historian, who was not many years ago figuring as an extreme Tractarian writer, to influence the reader in an historical question by an appeal to the popular dislike of the Tractarian party. This is "rising on stepping-stones of your dead self to higher things" with a vengeance. But the former self of Mr. Froude is not quite so dead as he may imagine: we none of us quite get rid of the traces of what we have once been. He owes to his old teachers a good deal of his method of reasoning—his command of ambiguous language—his dexterity in deodorising, as it were, transactions of which the moral scent is not very sweet, and his faculty of lubricating "painful" circumstances so as to make them slide easily down the throat of the reader. If he no longer "sublimates absurdities with mysteries," he has not lost the kindred act of sublimating fraud and wrong into a grander kind of honesty and justice. And the strong taste for self-prostration before some infallible idol, which belongs to his original party, blends with and heightens the hero-worship of Mr. Carlyle in the historical adorer of Henry VIII. In the passage from which we just quoted and elsewhere the late writer of sentimental and heterodox romances is a little hard upon the more sentimental and enthusiastic part of the world.

At the period of Campeggio's arrival in England the people of London (not anticipating the "palimpsest" theory of the universal sympathy of the nation with the king) were crying foul play. To allay the popular feeling, the king summoned an assembly which was attended by the nobility and other persons of note, at the Palace of Bridewell; and he there solemnly protested that he was led to part with Catherine only by fear for his eternal salvation; that he parted with her with regret; that he was perfectly happy with her, and that if he were to marry again he would choose her before any other woman. This is stated by Hall, the best authority, who gives the king's oration at some length. But both this scene and the famous scene before the legates, in which, according to Holinshed, as well as according to Shakespeare, Henry repeated the same assertions, entirely disappear from Mr. Froude's narrative, which tells nothing of what occurred upon Campeggio's arrival in England.

We do not know whether Mr. Froude has any reason to question the genuineness of the collection of letters from Henry to Anne Boleyn, given in the Appendix to Hearne's Avesbury, but he makes no allusion to any thing contained in it.* In one of these letters the king expresses his pious hope, that Campeggio, *then on his way to England*, "will help him to that which he has so long longed for, to God's pleasure, and to both their comforts." This, contrasted with the subsequent declaration before the assembly at Bridewell and before the two legates which we have just mentioned, proves pretty well what the king's word and honor were worth, besides appearing to throw back the date of the amour with Anne to a period rather inconvenient for the palimpsest theory. In another of the letters Henry throws some light on the sincerity of his theological scruples, by telling Anne that he has been at work for hours at the treatise in which these scruples were expounded, and then proceeding to relieve his agonised conscience, and cultivate that delicacy which Mr. Froude finds so much wanting in the mind of his intended wife, by expressing his love for her in terms which a pot-boy might utter, but would scarcely write to the object of his amours.

Mr. Froude is "persuaded" that Henry's "discomforts" with Catherine (that is, we presume, his desire to get rid of her,) did not arise from a latent inclination for any other woman. The earliest mooted of the subject of the divorce which he can find is in June, 1527. In Cavendish's contemporary biography of Wolsey, there is a long and circumstantial account of the interference of Wolsey, and afterwards of Lord Northumberland, by the desire and in the name of the king, to break off Lord Percy's engagement with Anne Boleyn. This is mentioned by Cavendish as the first manifestation of the king's love for Anne. The occurrence is not dated, but it must have happened not later than 1523, for before the end of that year Lord Percy was engaged to be married to a daughter of Lord Shrewsbury, and Cavendish tells us that this engagement was contrived expressly to break off Lord Percy's engage-

* The originals appear to be in the somewhat suspicious keeping of the Vatican. But we are not aware that they were ever read, nor is the bulk of them capable of being read, on the Papal side of the controversy; and the letters bear the strongest internal marks of genuineness.

ment with Anne.* Another circumstance in the story fixes its date before June, 1525; for at that period Sir Thomas Boleyn was made Viscount Rochford, and in the story Anne is disparaged by Wolsey as being the only daughter of a knight. Mr. Froude dubs the story "romantic," though he allows it is too circumstantial to have been invented, and says it "is not without its difficulties." But those difficulties are greatly softened (1), by not alluding to the story when the origin of the king's desire to be divorced from Catherine is in question, and (2), by omitting all mention of the King and Wolsey, and merely saying that, if Cavendish's account be true, the affair was "ultimately interrupted by Lord Northumberland himself."

Henry's ambassadors were instructed to state to the Pope that he had never been unfaithful to Catherine. Mr. Froude says, he had been unfaithful to her but in one instance, which he thinks a great thing for a king; the one instance being that of Elizabeth Blunt, the mother of the Duke of Richmond, the "young Marcellus," as he is gaily styled by Mr. Froude. One instance would be enough to dispel the hypothesis of extraordinary physical coldness to which Mr. Froude resorts in attempting to prove that the somewhat rapid succession of the king's marriage was occasioned not by licentiousness, but by an overwhelming sense of public duty subduing a strong natural disinclination to the married state. The supposed evidence of the disgusting fact of Henry's connexion with Anne Boleyn's sister, Mary, Mr. Froude has discussed in an essay appended to his fourth volume, and considers himself to have reduced it to mere clerical and treasonable scandal. In particular, his laborious researches at the Rolls have been rewarded, among other things, by the discovery that the charge was not laid before the king by Cardinal Pole, in his expostulatory letter, and suffered to pass unrefuted on Henry's side. Mr. Froude has found Pole's manuscript at the Rolls, and the charge is not contained in it. It was inserted in the treatise "On the Unity of the Church," published at Rome in the winter of 1538-9; so that all inferences from the king's tacit admission are at an end. Nor does the point

appear ever to have been made against the king in the controversy respecting the divorce, when it would have told so heavily against him. The words "*ex quocunque licito vel illicito coitu*" in the draft proposed dispensation by the Pope for the marriage of the king with Anne Boleyn occur in an exhaustive catalogue of impediments to be dispensed with; and may well, as Mr. Froude argues, be taken as common form; though why a dispensation for the second marriage should be required if the first was null, and there was no canonical impediment to the second, is a very different question. It is singular that not only Mr. Froude, but all previous writers, should have overlooked the apparently decisive proof of this disputed fact which presents itself in the principal documents connected with the question, and in the most obvious form. The statute 25 Henry VIII. c. 22., declaring the king's marriage with Catherine void and the separation good, and settling the succession to the Crown, contains a provision (sec. 3—5.) rendering unlawful (notwithstanding any dispensation) all marriages within the degrees of affinity prohibited by the laws of God, included that of a brother's wife, and empowering the ordinary to terminate by separation any such marriages if already contracted. There can be no doubt that this provision, though ostensibly general, is inserted in the special Act with a view to the case of the king's marriage under a papal dispensation with Catherine, and the sentence of separation about to be pronounced by Cranmer. The Statute 28 Henry VIII. c. 7., declaring the marriage with Anne Boleyn void, and resettling the succession, extends the prohibition of the former Act to cases of affinity by carnal knowledge, and among others to the case of a man marrying his mistress's sister; and not only renders valid all future separations by the ordinary, of persons so named, but all past separations also, of which there could have been but one—that of the king from Anne Boleyn, which had just been pronounced by Cranmer. It seems undeniable that this enactment also, though ostensibly general like the other, is pointed at the particular marriage the dissolution of which the Act confirms: and that the mysterious allusion in the preamble to a ground of invalidity which is not specified, but which is stated to have been disclosed by Anne Boleyn to Cranmer, really refers to a disclosure by her of the

* It is not improbable, as Burnet observes, that Anne Boleyn's father, who was ambassador to France, brought her over with him from that country in 1522, when war was declared by Henry against Francis.

king's previous connection with her sister Mary. If what she disclosed was only a precontract with Lord Percy or any other person, why should there have been any more delicacy about specifying it in the Act than there afterwards was about specifying the pretended precontract with the Marquis of Lorraine, in the case of Anne of Cleves? In the eleventh of the loveletters of Henry to Anne Boleyn before their marriage, to which we have above referred, there occur the words, "As touching your sister's matter, I have caused Walter Welsh to write to my lord my mind therein: whereby I trust that Eve shall not have power to deceive Adam; for surely whatsoever is said, cannot so stand with his honor, but that he must needs take his natural daughter now in her extreme necessity." This, if the letters are genuine, tends to prove that Anne was cognisant of the connexion. From other persons it may very well have been kept a secret till it became necessary to disclose it in order to enable Cranmer to pronounce the sentence of separation; and this affords a perfect explanation of the silence of the king's opponents on the subject during the controversy respecting the divorce, and of the non-appearance of the charge in the manuscript remonstrance addressed to the king by Reginald Pole. In his pardonable exultation at the discovery of the omission of the charge in Pole's manuscript at the Rolls, and at his supposed success in tracing the other evidence up to scandalous sources, Mr. Froude commits himself to the admission, that "If Pole's fact is true, his conclusion from it is unanswerably just." "If," he proceeds, "Henry had really debauched Anne Boleyn's sister, his demand to the Pope for his divorce, and his arguments in urging it, were of amazing effrontery. His own and his minister's language in Parliament and in Convocation—the peremptory haughtiness in which he insisted to all foreign courts on the justice of his cause, exhibit a hardy insolence without parallel in history. So monstrous appears his conduct, that it would be in vain to attempt to understand the character of the person who could be guilty of it, or of the Parliament and the clergy who consented to be his instruments. Persons so little scrupulous as, on this hypothesis, were both prince and people, could have discovered some less tortuous means of escaping from the difficulty of a wife." We will not be so ungenerous as to

hold Mr. Froude literally to a hypothetical admission, made in a moment of natural elation. But we are entitled to suggest that he should moderate, or at least prevent from overflowing into his marginal analysis and table of contents, the violence of his emotions against so eminent and, on the whole good a man as Cardinal Pole. If Pole took part against Henry, it was clearly for conscience, sake and against his personal interests; so that his opinion cannot be dismissed with contempt as that of a "refugee." If he forgot, in religious partisanship, the ties of civil allegiance, so did all strong religious partisans of the day. And if he used hard language, hard language was the fashion with controversialists of those times, and not least with those who called the Pope "the cankered and venomous serpent Paul, Bishop of Rome. We beg to observe by the way that the "people," however convenient it may be to introduce them, had nothing whatever to do with the affair.

One scheme was to get Catherine into a cloister; and to this, though a mode of disposing of persons who have the misfortune to be "obstacles" which is one of the most characteristic iniquities of the Romish system, Mr. Froude holds that Catherine, "if she had thought first or chiefly of justice," would have consented. He does not perceive that the dissolution of monasteries, which he regards as so necessary and right, would have placed the "obstacle" in the way again. Catherine, however, would not come into the scheme; her perception of the paramount claims of the national interest upon her consideration being, perhaps, somewhat obscured by the presence under the same roof, and in rival state, of the charming girl who the public service required should step into her shoes when she was gone. She refused to take the vow of chastity unless the king would take it too—a "most unfortunate answer," in Mr. Froude's opinion, to what others might call a most unfortunate request. Thereupon the "chivalrous" king directed his agents at Rome to propose, as a way of solving the difficulty, that he should take the vow in order to induce Catherine to do the same, and that when she had done so, the Pope should "clearly discharge" him, leaving her bound. Certainly this was the prince "chosen by Providence to conduct the Reformation," and abolish the iniquities of the Papal system. This frankness contrasts nobly with the du-

plicity of the Pope; and that conscience must have been tender indeed, and deeply wounded by the suspicion of a canonical flaw, which could lay to itself such balm. One marriage was to be dissolved on the ground that the Pope had no power to dispense with the law of God, which forbade a man to marry his brother's widow, and another was to be contracted in its place, on the faith of the Pope's power to dispense prospectively with the obligation of a solemn oath for purposes avowedly fraudulent, and to the cruel injury of another person, that person the perjurer's wife. Mr. Froude very candidly allows that this incident "sadly indicates the devices of policy" into "which in this unhappy business honorable men allowed themselves to be driven." When people on the side opposed to Henry's wishes allow themselves to be "driven into devices of policy" they cease to be honorable men. We presume it was the same over-mastering necessity that compelled Henry to lay a plot for entrapping into a French prison, under the false pledge of his kingly word, a dependent of Catherine whom he supposed to be moving as her agent in the matter of the divorce—a fact of which there seems sufficient evidence in Ellis's "Original Letters" (vol. i. p. 281. 1st series), but which is not found in the palimpsest restored by Mr. Froude. Between obscenity, fraud, and lying, we should have come to the conclusion that this "dread lord" was "a man like the rest of us," even without being permitted, as we afterwards are, to see him in the more tender relations of life.

In the passage just alluded to a lingering Shadow of the Clouds falls on Henry's offences, veiling them from our irreverent sight. It falls still more deeply when we are told that "it would have been well for Henry VIII. if he had lived in a world in which women could have been dispensed with, so ill in all his relations with them he succeeded. With men he could speak the right word—he could do the right thing; with women he seemed under a fatal necessity of mistake." It would have been well for Sir John Paul and his partners if they could have lived in a world where trust securities could have been dispensed with, so ill in all their relations with that description of property did they succeed. It would have been well for the late Mr. Palmer if he could have lived in a

world without a Mr. Cooke, so unsuccessful was he in all his relations with that unfortunate gentleman. It would be well for pick-pockets if they lived in a world where there were no pockets to pick. It would be well for us all if we lived in a world where the "mistakes" to which we happen to be peculiarly liable could not possibly be committed. We will not pause to speculate on the social delights of a world of which King Henry VIII. should be the ruling spirit, and from which women should be excluded, lest they should interfere with that monarch's moral development. But to borrow an epithet which Mr. Froude elsewhere applies to the king in his relations with women, it would certainly be a very "business-like" world.

Elsewhere we are told—

"The position which, in his wife's presence, he (Henry) assigned to another woman, however he may have persuaded himself that Catherine had no claim to be considered his wife, admits neither of excuse nor of palliation; and he ought never to have shared his throne with a person who consented to occupy that position. He was blind to the want of delicacy in Anne Boleyn, because, in spite of his chivalry, his graces, his accomplishments, in his relations with women he was without delicacy himself."

It seems a considerable detraction from his "chivalry" that he should "be without delicacy in his relations with women;" and we cannot help thinking that the historian has for the moment caught something of the king's defect, when he endeavors, as he does in this and other passages, to shift the blame as much as possible from a young and intoxicated girl to her mature and royal seducer from the path of delicacy and right. However, he proceeds:—

"He (Henry) directed, or attempted to direct, his conduct by the broad rules of what he thought to be just. In the wide margin of uncertain ground where rules of action cannot be prescribed, and where men must guide themselves by consideration for the feelings of others, he, so far as women were concerned, was unfortunately a stranger. Such consideration is a virtue which can be learned only in the society of equals, where necessity obliges men to practise it. Henry had been a king from his boyhood; he had been surrounded by courtiers who had anticipated all his desires; and exposed as he was to an ordeal from which no human being could have escaped uninjured, we have more cause, after all, to admire him for those ex-

cellences which he conquered for himself, than to blame the defects which remained to him."

The latter part of this paragraph, we submit, confirms the ordinary view that Henry was a tyrant, and gives, so far as it goes, a true explanation of the way in which his tyrannical character was formed. The first part enlarges the domain of casuistry. So far as we can see, a man who had beaten his wife (certainly not a greater outrage than was offered by Henry's "chivalry" to Catherine) might plead, according to this moral code, that he was attempting to direct his conduct by the broad rules of what he thought to be just. Mr. Froude, as we have seen, finds great difficulty in understanding the character of a consummate hypocrite, and we own we find as much difficulty in understanding the character of a man who was something more than brutal in his conduct to every person of the sex of Catherine and Anne Boleyn, and something more than admirable in his conduct to every person of the sex of Wolsey, Cromwell, Fisher, and More.

The depths of self-conceit are always unfathomable; much less can history attempt, with any hope of success or profit, to fathom them across three hundred intervening years. Very likely Henry gave a fair picture of what he at least believed to be his own motives for wishing to put away a faithful wife and marry a woman he liked better, when he directed his envoy at Rome "to say plainly to His Holiness that the king's desire and intent *convolare ad secundas nuptias non patitur negativum*; and whatsoever should be found of bull, brief, or otherwise, His Highness found his conscience so disquieted, his succession in such danger, and his most royal person in such perplexity for such things unknown and not to be spoken, that other remedy there was not but His Grace to come by one way or other, and specially at his hands if might be, to the desired end, and that all concertation to the contrary should be vain and frustrate." Mr. Froude, who plays microphant to Henry's mind, as Mr. Carlyle does to that of Cromwell, says of the despatch of which this is a fair sample, that "it is long and perplexed; the style that of a man who saw his end most clearly, and was vexed with the intricate and dishonest trifling with which his way was impeded, and which, nevertheless, he was struggling to tolerate."

The king has at least the frankness to put the desire of flying to a second marriage first in the list of motives. This was the motive which was strong enough to break through the decency which conscience would have observed towards the world and Catherine, and to override the dictates of policy which loudly required the second marriage to be postponed until the first had been annulled. This, therefore, not conscience or policy, was the ruling motive; and the ruling motive decides the character of the action. But if there was no justification for Henry, there was considerable excuse of a kind which his worshippers, if they take this high line, must be compelled to ignore. It was a profligate and Machiavellian age, when marriages were dissolved, and bigamy, under the name of re-marriage, permitted by the Church with unprincipled facility on the ground of sham pre-contracts or factitious consanguinity; and when "devices of policy," which in these days would shock a Russian diplomatist or a Neapolitan Minister of Police, were resorted to, without scruple, by all ordinary politicians. It was the age when Cæsar Borgia and Louis XI. found eulogists as warm as the eulogist of Henry VIII. whom Mr. Froude quotes at the end of his last volume, and when the perjured and heartless Francis I. was considered the model of a king and a gentleman. Henry in asking the Pope to divorce him from his wife and authorise him to marry again, asked a corrupt tribunal for a corrupt favor, which would have been granted without the slightest hesitation, had not another, and at the moment, a more formidable interest, been arrayed on the other side. "And so first the great party of sedition began to shape itself, which for sixty years, except in the shortlived interlude of its triumph under Catherine's daughter, held the nation on the edge of civil war,"—these words of Mr. Froude, describing the immediate effect of the divorce, seem a sufficient answer to all pleas of national interest and the peace of the kingdom, and a sufficient comment on the wisdom of those who are wise above justice, truth, and honor.

The fall of Wolsey has hitherto been supposed to have been connected with the failure of that minister to effect the king's object in the matter of the divorce; and this view seemed to be supported by the parallel of the fall of Cromwell, after the king's disappointment in

the personal attractions of the new queen whom that minister had selected. But no such connexion appears in Mr. Froude's palimpsest. According to that document Wolsey was swept from the helm by an inevitable revolution in the policy of the country, in an anti-ecclesiastical sense, which produced "what in modern language we should describe as a change of ministry, the Government being transferred to an Opposition, who had been irritated by long depression under the hands of men whom they despised, and who were borne into power by an irresistible force in a moment of excitement and danger." The vile treatment of Wolsey, after his fall "is a stain which we have to lament in the conduct of the new administration;" not an instance of the ingratitude of the king, whom Wolsey had "served better than he had served his God." What is the authority for asserting that there were any changes in the new "ministry" beyond the transfer of the chancellorship from Wolsey to More,—whom Mr. Froude himself describes as "the person least disaffected to the clergy who could have been found among the leading laymen, and whom he labors to prove a far closer ally of the intolerant bishops, and a far worse persecutor, than Wolsey himself,—and the promotion to the presidency and vice-presidency of the Council of the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk, both supple courtiers and enemies to the Reformation? We are expected to consider as perfectly *bonâ fide* the prosecution of Wolsey under an impudent misconstruction of the Statute of Provisors, for having exercised the office of Papal Legate within the realm, with the king's full knowledge and approbation, and not "in pursuit of his own ends" only, but mainly in pursuit of the ends of the king. We may venture to doubt whether, if the two legates had given sentence in the king's favor, and Henry's "eyes had been opened" afterwards to the quibble about the Statute of Provisors, he would have "resented the betrayal of his confidence" by Wolsey; or whether he would not rather have applied his familiar epithets of "varlet" and "knave knave, and beastly fool" to the officious lawyer who had opened his eyes upon the subject. The Statute of Provisors, we venture to submit, had not fallen into desuetude, though the interpretation of which made the office of Papal Legate an "office or dignity in the Anglican Church," probably had. On

the whole, it would be better to rest the case against Wolsey and in favor of royal honor and gratitude on that clause of the articles of impeachment which charged the king's favorite minister with breathing an infectious disease into the king's ear.

Mr. Froude's whole account of the memorable Parliament of 1529 is based on the assumption that it was a perfectly independent Parliament, freely elected by the people of England, and expressing the popular will in its measures and manifestoes.

"The election had taken place in the midst of great and general excitement; and the members chosen, if we may judge from their acts and their petitions, were men of that broad resolved temper, who only in times of popular effervescence are called forward into prominence. It would have been probably useless for the Crown to attempt dictation or repression at such a time, if it had desired to do so. Under the actual circumstances, its interest was to encourage the fullest expression of public feeling."

And the king is represented as "constitutionally conservative"—that is, the prince evidently "chosen by Providence for the conduct of the Reformation" is represented as constitutionally opposed to it, but as having the tact to perceive that he could not stem the current of popular feeling, which it seems by a fortunate coincidence, swelled suddenly and irresistibly against the papal power, just at the moment when that power obstructed Henry's wishes. The king was fortunate in coincidences. His desire to get rid of Catherine and marry her rival was "one of those rare cases where inclination coincides with right;" and here again interest coincides with the irresistible force of circumstances in letting loose Parliament to bully the Pope.

Now Hall (whose authority is decisive) tells us expressly, that in this Parliament "*the most part of the Commons were the kynge's servantes*;" and he tells us this in connexion with the passing of an Act admirably illustrative of the "broad and resolved temper" of the popular legislators by whom it was passed—the Act 21 Hen. VIII. c. 24. for releasing to the king all the sums of money which he had borrowed of subjects. Mr. Froude's palimpsest says nothing of this Act, though it gives a pretty full account of the legislation of the session, and by this omission his whole account of the character of the Parliament of 1529 is saved from de-

cisive confutation. A similar Act, however (35 Hen. VIII. c. 12.), was passed in 1544; and there Mr. Froude mentions it, and gives the following account of the matter:—

"When the war broke out the exchequer was empty. The first payment of the subsidy which had been granted in the year preceding had not as yet fallen due, and the king, in anticipation of the approaching return, had applied for a loan which had been raised in graduated proportions from the ordinary taxpayers. He had in fact required and received a portion of the parliamentary grant a few months before its time. The people who were aware that a war involved a war taxation, submitted without complaining to a proceeding which was manifestly necessary."

It is a pity that the framers of the two statutes should not have been aware of this version of their proceedings, and that they should have excluded it in advance, by specifying "sums advanced by way of prest and loan, *either particularly, or by any taxation made of the same,*" as well as by the clause which compels those individuals whom the king had repaid to refund the repayment to the king. In a note, Mr. Froude adds:—

"I confess myself unable to see the impropriety of this proceeding, or to understand the censures which historians have so freely lavished upon it: unless indeed they have believed that all wars in any generation but their own are necessarily unjust, and all taxation tyranny; or have believed that the Parliament was generous to the king at the expense of a limited number of credulous and injured capitalists. As a question of taxation, the proof of contemporary complaint is the only justification of historical disapprobation."

Credulous the capitalists certainly were, for we learn from the statute that some of them had disposed of their claims on the exchequer as they would of any ordinary debt: injured, according to Mr. Froude's version, they were not. Nothing is more probable than that Mr. Hallam and other writers on this period of history should have believed that all wars in any generation but their own are necessarily unjust, and all taxation tyranny, till their purblind prejudices were dissipated by Mr. Froude. As to the requisite evidence of contemporary complaint, Hall says, in regard to the Repudiation Act of 1529, that "when this release of the loans was known to the Commons of the realm, Lord! so they grugged and spake ill of the hole Parliament, for almost every manne counted it his dette, and

reconed suerly of the payment of the same, and therefore some made there willes of the same, and some other did set it over to other for debt, and so many men had losse by it, which caused them sore to murmur, but there was no remedy." These complaints appear to have been as nearly contemporary as the time required for the publication of the Act of Parliament would permit.

The clerical abuses which were attacked in 1529 undoubtedly cried loudly for reform. But we must demur to the pervading assumption that the Crown and the lay lords were clear of those abuses. The ecclesiastical patronage of the Crown had been grossly and systematically abused. No instances of pluralism had been more flagrant than those of Crown favorites, like Wickham and Wolsey. And as to ecclesiastical morality, the statute 27 Henry VI. c. 6. pardons, in consideration of a subsidy, all rapes which had been committed by priests.

The cautious reader will be on his guard throughout against Mr. Froude's tendency to identify himself with laymen and lay statesmen and to bear hard on the clerical cloth, for the "zeal" of whose wearers he prescribes "the gallows and the lash" with great unctio. The infamous extortion of an enormous sum from the clergy at this period, on pretence that they were involved in the premunire for having acknowledged Wolsey's legatine functions, while the laity were freely pardoned, affords the historian a glorious subject for banter and exultation and for the full enjoyment of the feeling that he is on the stronger side. He demonstrates the iniquity of the proceeding with some gusto, and winds up by saying,—“But their punishment, if tyrannical in form, was equitable in substance, and we can reconcile ourselves without difficulty to an act of judicial confiscation.” He is charitable enough to speak for us all, but we fear he will find many of us wanting in the love of oppression, even though the victims be ecclesiastics.

In the midst of these ecclesiastical reforms, this Parliament passed the singular Act 22 Hen. VIII. c. 9. for the boiling of John Rouse, who was alleged to have poisoned some domestics and alms-people of the Bishop of Rochester, in the attempt, as was supposed, to poison the anti-Protestant bishop himself. A shadow of party feeling rests on the whole affair. From Mr. Froude's solemn observa-

tions on this Boiling Alive Act, as well as from many other passages in this book, Mr. Carlyle may derive the lesson which is sometimes best taught by a caricature. John Rouse is by no means allowed the benefit of the plea that with people in general "he could do the right thing, say the right thing," but that with the Bishop of Rochester's servants and alms-people he "was under a fatal necessity of mistake." On the contrary, in his case "we purchase compassion for utter wickedness only by doubting in our hearts whether wickedness is more than misfortune." Those who may have been shocked by the necessarianism of the "Shadows of the Clouds," must certainly allow that in approving with awful satisfaction the punishment of boiling alive, Mr. Froude makes as liberal a concession to the doctrine of Free Will as any temperate advocate of that doctrine can desire. After a slight excess in sentimentalism, a man's "moral sinew" may require a little "stringent bracing" in the shape of bloody vagrancy laws, women flogging, and boiling alive, but he must not suppose that all the world will relish such tonics. The edifying detestation expressed by "His Highness" of this "Italian" crime, as Mr. Froude calls it, may be compared with the subsequent intimation of Cromwell that "His Highness" knew the ways that might be found in *Italy* to rid a traitorous subject like Cardinal Pole. The "awful and solemn horror of evil things" which filled the "stern" but "tender" spectators of the boiling alive of a human being "in that old cattle market," may also be illustrated by reference to the "old statute" 5 Henry IV. c. 5. against the daily practice of cutting out people's tongues and putting out their eyes. Perhaps the horror shown of evil things in general would have been as great, and the horror of one evil thing in particular greater, if John Rouse, instead of being committed to the cauldron by Act of Parliament without a trial, had been tried before he was boiled. That "the temper which this act exhibits is the key to all which has seemed most dark and cruel in the rough years which followed," is a candid but indiscreet admission.

The boiling of John Rouse seems to revive in Mr. Froude the love of roasting. "For the poisoners of the soul there was the stake, for the poisoners of the body the boiling cauldron; the two most fearful punishments for the two most fearful of crimes." "Most

shocking," he adds in a note, "when the *wrong persons* were made the victims; and because clerical officials were altogether incapable of detecting the *right persons*, the memory of the practice has become abhorrent to all just men. I suppose, however, that if the *right persons* could have been detected, even the stake itself would not have been too tremendous a penalty for the destroying of human souls." This opens rather an alarming prospect of the possible re-appearance of clerical officials competent to detect the *right persons*, and therefore qualified to roast them. Stokesley and Torquemada may have sent the wrong persons to the stake, as Jeffreys sent the wrong persons to the gallows; but the incompetence of Jeffreys has not condemned the use of the gallows, and we do not see why the incompetence of Stokesley and Torquemada should condemn the use of the stake. "Poisoning souls" is as great a crime as ever. The author of the "Nemesis of Faith" would be tried, not by a set of purblind Papists, but by some of the most eminent and enlightened divines of our pure and reformed Church, who would very properly overrule all exceptions to their competency as a tribunal, and whose judgment, delivered by the highest authority, would be received with general satisfaction. At the same stake, perhaps, would be burned some miserable convert to the Papist heresies of the "Lives of the English Saints." As to that "humanity which is deeper than logic," it would be all on the side of taking "tender" but "stern" measures to prevent the poisoning of souls. How beautifully would the chief inquisitor, in pronouncing sentence, prove to the culprits that "in this great matter of religion, in which to be right is the first condition of being right in any thing, not variety of opinion, but unity; not the equal licence of the wise and the foolish to choose their belief; but an ordered harmony, where wisdom prescribes a law to ignorance, is the rule which reasonable men should most desire for themselves and for mankind." How would the religious public in the galleries applaud these sentiments, which are so skilfully addressed to their taste! We are willing, however, to admit that "if a school of Thugs were to rise among us, making *murder* a religious service; if they gained proselytes, and the proselytes *put their teaching in execution*, we

should speedily begin to persecute *opinion*."

"A feeling of painful uncertainty continues to cling to us" whether the "Act of Appeals," while it pretended to be a general act, was not really a privilege, intended to deprive Catherine of her appeal.

"How far the Parliament were justified by the extremity of the case is a further question, which it is equally difficult to answer. The alternative, as I have repeatedly said, was an all but inevitable civil war on the death of the king; and, practically, when statesmen are entrusted with the fortunes of an empire, the responsibility is too heavy to allow them to consider other interests. *Salus populi suprema lex*, ever has been and ever will be the substantial canon of policy with public men. I do not say that it ought to be. There are some acts of injustice which no national interest can excuse, however great in itself that interest may be, or however certain to be attained by the means proposed. Yet government in its simplest form is to an extent unjust; it trenches in its easiest tax on natural right and natural freedom; it trenches further and further in proportion to the emergency with which it has to deal."

Mr. Froude's statesmen, who are in the habit of imposing political tests and putting people to death for refusing them, may also be in the habit of distinguishing the interest of society from justice, and making justice give way. But the instance he cites is hardly one in point, unless people have a natural right to enjoy the benefits of government without contributing to its expense. The reasoning of the passage is an example of the kind which we may call shading off, a kind of which Dr. Newman is a great master. Black, through interposition of a shade or two of grey, fades insensibly into white. But put the two ends together of the passage, and you see that the color of a privilege is rather different from that of a fair tax. We may remark by the way, that the preamble of this Act, asserting that the Church of England had been always independent of the Papal jurisdiction, affords a caution to those who may be inclined to take every thing said in an "old Statute," or a Tudor state paper, as Gospel truth.

It is due to Mr. Froude's moral sense to say that he knows very well what he has to deal with in the case of Fisher and More, and lays his ground with care accordingly. When Archbishop Allen is murdered by the Irish rebels (a murder more political than

religious), we are told that "such were the men whose cause the Mores and the Fishers, the saintly monks of the Charterhouse, and the holy martyrs of the Catholic faith, believed to be the cause of the Almighty Father of the world." By this little artifice the reader may be led to connect the names of More and Fisher with a crime which Mr. Froude would hardly venture to say they would not, both of them, have utterly detested and abhorred. Again, laborious efforts are made to prove that More was one of the most cruel of persecutors, and that under his chancellorship "the stake resumed its hateful activity." Wolsey was a model of toleration compared with him, though elsewhere we are told that it was "under Wolsey's influence" that Henry "persecuted the English Protestants." As it requires something to make us believe that More was very inhuman, it is suggested that "Sir Thomas More may be said to have lived to illustrate the necessary tendencies of Romanism in an honest mind convinced of its truth; to show that the test of sincerity in a man who professes to regard orthodoxy as an essential of salvation, is not the readiness to endure persecution, but the courage which will venture to inflict it." All very fine, but let us see how Mr. Froude proves More to have exemplified this "test of sincerity"—how he substantiates what he elsewhere (a little forgetting his cue) calls, with a bitter sneer, "the philosophic mercies of Sir Thomas More."

He sets out against More, with every artifice of rhetorical and typographical aggravation, four cases: (1), that of Philips; (2), that of Field; (3), that of Bilney; (4), that of Bainham.

In the case of Philips Mr. Froude, after going through the circumstances, has to own that "the weight of guilt, in this instance, presses essentially on Stokesley." More was bound, as Chancellor, to arrest the alleged heretic and deliver him to the diocesan. His taking part in the private examination of Philips, and his attempts to induce him to end the matter by confession, whether regular or not, is at least as likely to have been from motives of humanity as the reverse. And if "he could not have been ignorant" of the imprisonment of Stokesley's victim, it does not follow that he was in any way to blame for it. Stokesley excommunicated Philips before he imprisoned him; and while

the prisoner was lying under this sentence, neither the Chancellor nor any other legal authority had power to deliver him, as Mr. Froude seems partly aware. Moreover, a part at least of the three years' imprisonment must have occurred after More had ceased to be Chancellor, and when he, therefore, could no longer be one of the "pedants," to whose deaf ears the prisoner clamored in vain for justice.

Our only knowledge of Field's case is derived from a petition presented by Field himself to the Lord Chancellor Audeley and the Council, *after the disgrace of More*. Mr. Froude himself says, "We can form but an imperfect judgment on the merits of the case, for we have only the sufferer's *ex parte* complaint, and More might probably have been able to make some counter-statement. But the illegal imprisonment cannot be explained away, and cannot be palliated; and when a judge permits himself to commit an act of arbitrary tyranny, we argue from the known to the unknown, and refuse reasonably to give him credit for equity when he was so little careful of law." He seems to forget that the "illegal imprisonment" from which he ventures to "reason to the unknown," rests exactly on the same *ex parte* evidence as the other portions of the story. The whole account is tainted by the utterly incredible statement that, "as your bedeman heard say," Sir Thomas More, after retiring from the Chancellorship, made interest with the Duke of Norfolk through the Bishops of London and Winchester, to have the petitioner committed to prison again.

Bilney's case is prefaced by an insinuating statement, that, "no sooner had the seals changed hands (from Wolsey to More), than the Smithfield fires recommenced; and, *encouraged by the Chancellor*, the bishops resolved to obliterate in these edifying spectacles the recollection of their general infirmities." Yet with this case Mr. Froude absolutely fails to connect More in any way whatever. Bilney was first cited before Wolsey; then before the Bishop of London, who induced him to recant; and, finally, before the Bishop of Norwich, who sent him to the stake. More, in his preface to his work against Tyndal, maintained that Bilney had recanted and died a Catholic, for which Foxe attacks him very scurrilously, and at great length; and we suppose this must have caught Mr.

Froude's eye, and led him, without looking further into the matter, to set down Bilney's martyrdom to the account of Sir Thomas More. This, at least, is the only obvious explanation of the insertion of the case among those with which More was in any way concerned. Mr. Froude may have proof that the Chancellor "encouraged" these proceedings of the bishops, but if he has he must produce it. Perhaps he will at the same time notice the statement of Erasmus (Ep. 426.) that "he has it on good authority that the King (Henry VIII.) is somewhat more severe to heresy than the bishops and the priests (*aliquanto minus æquum esse novis dogmatibus quam episcopos aut sacerdotes*)."

The last case is that of Bainham, in regard to which Mr. Froude takes, without hesitation, all the statements of Foxe, though where Foxe and Wyatt are against him, as in the case of Anne Boleyn, he can perceive that these writers "were surrounded with the heat and flame of a controversy, in which public and private questions were wrapped inseparably together; and the more closely we scrutinise their narratives, the graver occasion there appears for doing so." We must own, however, that he does not follow Foxe blindly. For while Mr. Froude says that Bainham "made a farewell address to the people, laying his death expressly to More, whom he called his accuser and his judge," Foxe only makes Bainham say, "The Lord forgive Sir Thomas More, and pray for me all good people." Bainham was in fact condemned to the stake, as appears from Foxe himself, not by More, but by Traford, the Bishop of London's Vicar-General. But this is not all. Foxe says that Bainham was chained to a tree (Mr. Froude says to a post) in More's garden at Chelsea, and whipped. Now More explicitly denied that he had whipped any of the heretics in his custody. He said he had only whipped a boy belonging to his own household, who taught another boy to speak against the sacrament, and a lunatic, who used to insult women in church. "And of all who ever came in my hand for heresy, so help me God! saving, as I said, the mere keeping of them (and yet not so sure neither, but that George Constantine could steal away), else had never any of them any stripe or stroke given them, so much as a filip on the forehead." And how does Mr. Froude deal with this denial? At the beginning of the series of cases which he

produces against More, he says, "I do not intend in this place to relate the stories of his cruelties in his house at Chelsea, which he himself partially denied, and which at least we may hope were exaggerated. Being obliged to confine myself to specific instances, I choose rather those on which the evidence is not open to question; and which prove against More, not the zealous execution of a cruel law, for which we may not fairly hold him responsible, but a disregard, in the highest degree censurable, of his obligations as a law officer of the Crown." "In this place" (i. e. in this page) it is true he does not relate any thing that More denied, but a few pages on, he relates, as one of the series of cases which rest on "evidence not open to question," the whipping of Bainham at Chelsea, one of the cases to which More's denial would clearly apply.

Nothing is found in the palimpsest about More's personal and literary intimacy with the king, or of his having assisted Henry in his work on the Supremacy, or of that deep remark, when the king had been strolling for an hour in the garden at Chelsea with his arm round More's neck, and More's son-in-law, Roper, congratulated him on being so "familiarily entertained;"—"I thank our Lord, I find His Grace my very good lord indeed! and I believe he doth as singularly favor me as any subject within this realm; howbeit, son Roper, I may tell thee, I have no cause to be proud thereof, for if my head would win a castle in France it should not fail to go!" Nor are we informed that More had committed the crime of refusing to be present at Anne Boleyn's coronation; though he prayed for "his highness's prosperous estate," he "being in possession of his marriage;" or that the ex-chancellor was accused, by a magnanimous government, of corruption in his office, and that he triumphantly repelled the accusation; or that he was charged, with still greater magnanimity, of having induced the king to commit himself too far in his book in defence of the Papal Supremacy, and that his reply was, that he had tried to moderate the king's language, and that the king had repelled his attempts with "Whatever impediments be to the contrary, we will set forth that authority (the authority of the Popedom) to the uttermost; for we receive from that see our crown imperial."

Very faint, too, is the notion given by Mr.

Froude, of the incidents of More's trial—of the character of Mr. Rich, the solicitor-general, the sole witness for the Crown, and the wretch who afterwards racked Anne Askew nearly to death with his own hands,—of the infamous means which he employed to extract a denial of the king's supremacy over the Church from More, who steadily declined to give an opinion on the subject,—or of the utter shame to which he was put at the trial by the breakdown of the two witnesses who were called to support his perjuries on behalf of the Crown. Mr. Froude invites us to believe that the Government had letters from More to Fisher in their hands sufficient to sustain the prosecution, but that they preferred, as the more satisfactory course, to put the solicitor-general, in the witness-box and have him pilloried there. More's crushing defence is entirely omitted, with a judgment which we cannot but applaud. But we are told that he "could not say that the facts were not true." More prayed that if Rich, the only witness against him, were not perjured, he might never see the face of God. There is a similar "economy" of unpleasant facts in regard to Fisher, the history of whose case, indeed, is almost entirely suppressed, on the artistic plea of "concerning ourselves only with the nobler figure." Not a word is said of the mission of the same Mr. Rich to the bishop in the Tower to draw from him also a denial of the supremacy, and in this instance, under the assurance that the king desired his opinion on the subject. An impression which is the reverse of the truth on this point, however is conveyed when it is said, in the matter of the Nun of Kent, that Fisher "found mercy thrust upon him, till by fresh provocation the miserable old man forced himself on his fate." The "official statements" of the indulgence with which the aged prelate was treated in his prison, may be "too positive and too minute to admit of a doubt; but there is no deficiency of minuteness or positiveness in Fisher's letters to Cromwell, in which he complains that he is left without clothes to keep him warm or proper food to nourish him; and if this "must have been an accident," it was rather an awkward accident to occur under the government of a chivalrous king, who found it necessary to send to the scaffold such a man as Fisher, and for such an offence as refusing the test of supremacy. Less reverent critics will perhaps think that

the broad assertion of Cromwell in his letter to Cassalis, that Fisher and More when in prison "received all such indulgences in food and dress as their families desired," throws some light on the veracity of Tudor manifestoes.

Of the Charterhouse monks, Haughton and five others were put to death by the cruel and disgusting method then usual in cases of treason, which to masculine minds appears "austere" and "stern work." If any one wishes to know how a Rousseauist becomes a Terrorist, he may mark the way in which the sentimental historian is drawn, by the fascination of this reign of terror, to put himself always on the side of the Terrorist government and sympathize in the work of blood.

Mr. Froude does not pretend that Fisher, More, and Haughton were, in the ordinary sense, guilty men for refusing to deny their faith at the command of the king, though he is always slipping in "offenders," "treason," "traitor." On the contrary, he explicitly admits that "there is no cause for which any man can more nobly suffer than to witness that it is better for him to die than to speak words which he does not mean." There are two duties—your duty to God, and your duty to Henry; and if the two do not happen to be compatible, you must die. "There may be no intention of treason on your part. The motive of your opposition may be purely religious,"—that will not save you. "No honesty of meaning can render possible any longer a double loyalty to the Crown and to the Papacy,"—Henry must have your whole heart. You "choose to be a confessor." You are an eminent person, and if you are allowed with impunity to be true to your own conscience, others may be encouraged to think like you. It is not the obedience of the outward act only that the king requires, but the obedience of the soul. To hang, draw, and quarter you is a "necessity;" it is "most piteous but most inevitable." You are on the wrong side. You are "guilty of not being able to read the signs of the times," and see that since the king's marriage with Anne Boleyn, he is Head of the Church. Your "exotic graces" cannot be preserved at the expense of more valuable things. You are an obstacle to "the free thought which was bursting from the soil." There is a danger of insurrection and invasion, with which you perhaps have no connection, but which your

existence may tend to encourage. You "die miserably of prison fever and filth;" but as Mr. Froude says, in connection with that very incident, "we cannot blame the Government. Those who know what the condition of the country really was, must feel their inability to suggest, with any tolerable reasonableness, what else could have been done." It was fatality, it was state necessity, it was historical retribution. Above all, it was Henry's will, a will which is above our scrutiny. "History will rather dwell upon the incidents of the execution than attempt a sentence upon those who willed that it should be." History cannot presume to pass a judgment upon an act of Henry VIII.,—she can only say, his will be done!

Henry, in Mr. Froude's account, stands in the place of Providence to require at the hands of those who had helped him to write his book in defence of the Roman Church all the righteous blood which the Roman Church had shed from the blood of Raymond of Toulouse to the blood of the last victim who had blackened into ashes at Smithfield. The last victims who had blackened into ashes at Smithfield before the execution of More and Fisher happened to be fourteen Anabaptists who had been sent to the stake by Henry himself "to show," as Mr. Froude says, "that his justice was evenhanded."

It is poetically insinuated that the cause for which Henry put Fisher, More, and the monks of the Charterhouse to death was that of the Reformation of which he was the champion. "The Catholics had chosen the alternative, either to crush the free thought which was bursting from the soil, or else to be crushed by it; and the future of the world could not be sacrificed to preserve the exotic graces of mediæval saints." "The value of the (king's) defence turns upon the point of the actual danger to the State, and the extent to which the conduct of the sufferers imperilled the progress of the Reformation." The "free thought" which was bursting "from the soil" was certainly very dear to Henry, who was doing his best to water the tender plant by dealing "evenhanded" justice to conscientious Catholics on the one hand and to conscientious Protestants on the other, and to foster it with the sunny influence of persecuting codes. "His mind was moving," says his admirer, when he burns fourteen Anabaptists, "but heresy, though the definition of it was chang-

ing, remained a crime; and although the limits of permitted belief were imperceptibly enlarging, to transgress the recognized boundaries was an offence enormous as ever." Such was the "free thought" which required the congenial protection of supremacy tests and the shedding of innocent blood. We have yet to learn in what single point the "definition of heresy had changed" at the time of the murder of Fisher and More, except in the substitution of the royal for the papal infallibility, which does not seem a great step towards "the future of the world." "The king," we are told elsewhere, "was divided against himself. Nine days in ten he was the clear-headed, energetic, powerful statesman; on the tenth he was looking wistfully to the superstition which he had left, and the clear sunshine was darkened with theological clouds which broke in lightning and persecution." One of these clouds passed over the royal sun of the Reformation rather late in its day of glory. It was the Six Bloody Articles Bill, imposing on the nation, under pain of death, all the cardinal doctrines of the Church of Rome. The great Parliament of 1529, the composition of which we have before indicated, in their list of grievances against the Church, demanded sharper penalties against heretics, a demand which the "persecuting" bishops pronounced to be more charitable than necessary; and they impeached Wolsey, among other things, for checking the persecution of Lutherans at Cambridge. Long after this the king was in a fair way to be reconciled to the Roman See. He never lent a helping hand to the Protestants abroad, but as Mr. Froude allows, always shrunk from them, and only coquetted with them when driven by diplomatic necessity; the Tudors having been unable "cordially to unite themselves with a form of thought which permitted resistance to authority, and which they regarded as eccentric and revolutionary." Henry also remained the intimate friend of Francis I., and never remonstrated against the proceedings of that perjured and lecherous, but orthodox monarch, when he atoned for the pleasures of the seraglio by the pleasures of the estrapade. Surely, it requires some confidence in the imbecility of the reader to pretend that this man murdered Fisher and More for the sake of "the free thought that was bursting from the soil," and in order that they might not impede "the progress of the Reformation."

Again, the plea that "the nation was standing with its sword half drawn in the face of an armed Europe, and it was no time to permit dissension in the camp," with much more to the same effect, and enveloping a principle equally wise and moral, might be urged in miserable extenuation of the crimes of the French Terrorists, but could not be urged in extenuation of the crimes of Henry and his Audeleys and Riches. The "armed Europe" was simply the Emperor, who had been outraged by Henry's treatment of his aunt, but whose enmity was so far from being inexpiable, that some years afterwards we find him engaged with Henry in an alliance, highly approved of by Mr. Froude, as a matter of rejoicing to "those who wished well to rational freedom in Christendom—who would have Popish and Protestant fanatics alike crushed into moderation." Henry's friend of the seraglio and the estrapade was quite disposed to take his side; and the German Lutherans would, of course, have been glad of his alliance. Perhaps a cordial union with the Lutherans would have strengthened the nation as much as shedding innocent and honored blood. Mr. Froude, when he insinuates that the Catholics must have joined an invader, who came to execute the Pope's sentence, forgets how the Catholics actually behaved at the time of the Armada; not to mention that the Bull of Deposition was not published till three years after the martyrdom of More and Fisher. As to "the whole Irish insurrection blazing up behind the screenwork of these innocents," we do not argue against metaphors; but Mr. Froude must know that neither More, Fisher, nor the monks of the Charterhouse had any thing whatever to do with the insurrection in Ireland, with which he so assiduously connects their names. Whether discontent in England was removed by these "piteous inevitabilities," let the insurrection in Lincolnshire and the Pilgrimage of Grace decide.

It has not occurred to Mr. Froude that in writing the apology of Henry for crushing the Catholics in England, he is writing the apology of Charles V. and Philip II. for crushing the Protestants in the Low Countries and Spain; or that he will hereafter have to defend Queen Elizabeth for abetting in France precisely the "treason" which he thinks a justification for any number of judicial murders in this country.

Mr. Froude very truly says that "the anger and surprise at the murder of Fisher and More was not confined to Rome. Through England, through France, through Flanders, even among the Protestants of Germany, there arose a simultaneous outcry of astonishment. Rumor flew to and fro with a thousand falsehoods; and the unfortunate leaven of the Anne Boleyn marriage told fatally to destroy that appearance of probity of motive so indispensable to the defence of the government." The reader will not fail to note the substitution of "astonishment" for "indignation," and the "thousand falsehoods of rumor" which so conveniently suggest that Europe did not know what had actually occurred. To the clear contemporary evidence, however, which even Mr. Froude's account of the effect produced by the death of Fisher and More in Protestant Europe affords both as to the morality and expediency of that act, there seems little to reply, except, "Let us close our lips and pass by, and not speak of it. When a nation is in the throes of revolution wild spirits are abroad in the storm." With "wild spirits" (wholly independent, of course, of the Government) and "necessity" a good deal of difficulty may be surmounted. It is a pity that Cromwell did not perceive the controversial utility of these airy agencies when he was elaborately apologizing to Europe for the proceedings of his government in a case which, according to Mr. Froude, "seemed to him so clear as to require no apology." He might then have been spared the necessity of stating "many important facts" of which, as Mr. Froude very accurately says, "we have no other knowledge."

Of the ultimate effect of the murders of the Catholic Martyrs on the cause of the Reformation, it seems enough to say, with Mr. Froude, that "their sufferings nobly borne sufficed to recover the sympathy of after ages for the faith which they professed."

Of course, we must not presume to scrutinize the mental sensations of "him who willed" that Fisher and More should be beheaded and Haughton and his monks drawn and quartered for refusing to profess the contrary of what he had himself maintained with the utmost violence a few years before, or to inquire whether Henry reflected at all on his own position. As to the atrocious cruelties practised on the Charterhouse monks, that was all the "wild spirits" and the "English,"

who were "a hard, fierce people." It is gratifying to know, however, that "the king was not without feeling. It was no matter of indifference to him that he found himself driven to such stern courses with his subjects; and as the golden splendor of his manhood was thus sullenly clouding, he commanded all about his court to poll their heads" in public token of mourning; "and to give them example, he caused his own head to be polled, and from henceforth his beard to be knotted, and to be no more shorn." This seems almost too great a concession on the part of Henry VIII. to the ordinary feelings of humanity.

In his obvious anxiety to prejudice the reader against Anne Boleyn, who is the next victim, Mr. Froude throws it out that if More's opinions had been insufficient for his destruction, there was an influence at court which left no hope to him; the influence of one whose ways and doings were better known than they have been to her modern admirers." This is a little improvident. If Anne Boleyn's antipathy was allowed to influence the king in such a matter as this, what is to be thought of the character of the king?

Mr. Froude does not feel unkindly towards the Catholic martyrs. They are guilty of what he calls "treason;" that is, of not submitting their consciences to the dictation of a tyrant: and the "will" of those who put them to death is what he cannot suffer to be questioned. But he quite acknowledges the innocence of their intentions, and the fact that it was their "virtues" that "drove them into treason," and he decorates their end with some very sweet rhetoric. We have already alluded to the eloquent passage in which Mr. Froude paints the Catholics and the Protestants as "two armies of martyrs waging war, not upon the open field in open action, but on the stake and on the scaffold, with the nobler weapons of passive endurance." The reader, in perusing that passage, will bear in mind that the sufferings of the two armies are not mutually inflicted, but inflicted upon both of them alternately by Henry, who stands safe above the glorious fray. Probably, however, the moral agony which the king went through, and which led him to alter the mode of dressing his beard and hair, was equivalent to any sufferings of the objects of his "evenhanded justice." Blessed new era

of the religion of liberty and love, which opened with tyranny over conscience and sanguinary persecutions! Happy nation, whose king was so tender-hearted that he changed the cut of his beard when justice required him to shed innocent blood on the scaffold or at the stake!

We are compelled, by want of space, to refrain from fully examining Mr. Froude's treatment of the case of Anne Boleyn, who is the next victim. Every attentive reader will perceive that, under cover of profuse expressions of sentimental pity, he labors hard for a conviction. He tries to prejudice us beforehand against Anne Boleyn, as he does against More, by telling us that in her portraits "the lips and mouth wear a look of sensuality which is not to be mistaken," by dwelling on her "epicurism," by candidly admitting that the affair with Lord Percy was not "openly" to her discredit, and by throwing as much as possible on her the blame of acts of indelicacy towards Catherine, which a perverse world, disloyally condemning the strong tempter more than the weak and tempted, has laid mainly to the account of the "chivalrous" king. When he comes to the trial itself, he resorts to the little artifice of solemnly citing before the bar of posterity the names of a long list of jurymen, about whom (with a single exception) we know absolutely nothing. He never inquires whether, in the whole course of the reign, a judge and jury once acquitted the victim of a Crown prosecution. He forbids us to accuse the form of the trial, on the ground that "it was the form which was always observed;" and expects us to believe that the king, who could pass acts of attainder, confiscate great masses of property, and override the law by proclamations, could not venture, when his honor was most concerned, to give his own wife a fair trial. He tries to take off the effect of that letter of Anne to the king which so powerfully breathes her innocence, and the guilt of those who were doing her to death, by "being obliged to add" that its "tone" is "unbecoming," and by bidding us "remember" that the writer had betrayed the king's confidence from the beginning by concealing from him the canonical impediment to this marriage; the draft dispensation to get rid of the impediment having, we presume, been prepared entirely without the knowledge of the king. We are to believe, for the purposes of this inquiry,

that such a man as the Duke of Norfolk, who figures in Mr. Froude's own pages as the author of a most dastardly attempt to assassinate Aske, and who, if Mr. Froude is right, was at last justly condemned to die for high treason, was a Wellington in integrity because he was a Wellington in military skill. The filthy and ignominious proceedings against Anne of Cleves, in which all the "Wellingtons and Nelsons" were concerned, are kept entirely out of sight, though most histories would have thought they threw a good deal of light on the conduct of the same men in the case of Anne Boleyn. The possibility is not hinted at, though one would think it must have occurred to any mind, that when the Earl of Wiltshire took part in condemning his own children, he did so under the influence of terror. Mr. Froude has read Constantyne's Memorial, but his eye has not fallen on the statement that the confession of Mark Smeton, who alone of the persons accused persevered in his confession, was reported to have been extorted by "grievous racking." The contemporary evidence of the Lord of Milherve, preserved in Meteren and cited by Foxe, to the effect that the magistrates of London, and others who were present at the trial, said they saw no evidence against the queen, but only a determination to be rid of her, is judiciously alluded to only in a note, with a slighting intimation that "it may be read elsewhere." Constantyne says there was "much muttering" at the time among the people, but the historian, though he feels that "the English nation deserves justice at our hands," does not see fit to mention this point in their favor. Yet Mr. Froude does not venture, in presence of the facts even as represented by himself, to state plainly that he believes this woman, of whom Cranmer said that he "never had better opinion in woman than he had in her," to have been guilty of the unutterable crimes laid to her charge. He waits till his fourth volume, and then, when speaking of the case of Catherine Howard, he slips in the expression "no reasonable doubt could be entertained that the King had a second time suffered the worst injury which a wife could inflict upon him, that a second adultery, a second act of high treason, must be enforced and punished." Anne, in her "unbecoming" letter to the king, pointed to Henry's love for her rival, Jane Seymour, as the cause of her destruction. Henry con-

firmed her assertion by marrying Jane Seymour the day after he had sent to the scaffold, without a fair trial, his wife and the mother of his child. Mr. Froude is of opinion that this proceeding "is a proof that Henry looked at matrimony as an indifferent official act which his duty required at the moment;" and he adds, "if this be thought a novel interpretation of his motives, I have merely to say that I find it in the Statute Book." Where does he expect to find such infamies but in the Statute Book of a Tudor king, colored a little (it must, in justice to the sycophants of that day, be observed) by his own hero-worshipping imagination? But the best is yet to come. When Jane Seymour's marriage with the king is being related, the "unbecoming" letter of Anne Boleyn is fresh in the reader's mind. But when we arrive at Jane Seymour's death, the recollection of the letter may have grown fainter; and then it is thought safe to observe that Jane "married the king under circumstances peculiarly agitating, without preparation, *without attachment either on her part or on his*, but under the pressure of a sudden and tragical necessity." It would be painting the lily indeed to comment upon these words. Otherwise we might remark that the "tragical necessity" of providing an heir no longer existed after the birth of Prince Edward; yet on the very first day of the king's bereavement, the inflexible Privy Council again called on him to immolate himself to his country on the hyemal altar, by taking another wife, and he once more saw that it must be so, and resigned himself," though he by no means resigned himself to such an ugly woman as Anne of Cleves. The historian repeatedly fails, when interpreting a particular action of Henry, to "give him the benefit" of other incidents of a similar kind in his career.

It is the same thing throughout. It was right to execute amnestied rebels, because they "showed symptoms of an animus which the Crown persecutors would regard as treasonable," and because "a chasm lay between the two estimates of the subject." The torturing of Forest is laid to "ecclesiastics," whom, we are to suppose, the king could not control. The king was under the painful necessity of putting Cromwell to death because "the law in a free country cannot keep pace with genius;" his Highness' disappointment in the person of Anne of Cleves having

nothing to do with the matter. "In fairness, Cromwell should have been tried; but it would have added nothing to his chances of escape. He could not disprove the accusations. He could but have said that he had done right, not wrong; a plea which would *have been but a fresh crime.*" The mitred "abbots," whose "quartered trunks" the approving eye of the stern historian sees by anticipation "rotting by the high-way," "had given cause for suspicion in the late disturbances; *that is to say*, they had grown to advanced age as faithful subjects of the Papacy; they were too old to begin life again with a new allegiance,"—therefore it was quite right and necessary to put them out of the way. The execution of the Abbot of Glastonbury for a crime which is admitted to be formal, may seem needless cruelty "to the modern student." As to Montague and Exeter, "however justly we may now accuse the equity which placed men on their trial for treason, for impatient expressions, *there can be no uncertainty* that, in the event of an invasion, or of a rebellion, with any promise of success in it, both Montague and Exeter would have thrown their weight into the rebel scale." Where there can be no uncertainty, what need can there be of proof? The case of Sir Nicholas Carew was "the hardest," but Henry's will be done! As to the execution of Lady Salisbury, untried, by Act of Attainder, "a settled age can imperfectly comprehend an age of revolution, or realize the indifference with which men risk their own blood (when did Henry risk his own blood?) and the blood of others, when battling for a great cause." In the case of Norfolk and Surrey, "there is little to regret if the king saw no reason to look leniently on the insolent ambition *which would have ruined a great cause, and filled England with the blood of innocents.*" So much for "the veteran who had won his spurs at Flodden." The execution of the Earl of Suffolk, in the early part of Henry's reign, does not occur to the historian as throwing any light on this Turk-like clearing off of possible pretenders at the end. When the "entries in the register of death" come rather thick, they call forth the pious and philosophic observation that, "on the whole, Providence gives little good in this world for which suffering, in large measure or small, is not exacted as payment, and the king and the country (?) alike,

on the whole, had reason to be well satisfied." The eagerness of the Crown to depress and decimate the old aristocracy, bore no analogy to the political tendencies of Louis XI. and Henry VII., but was the result of a high principle of social morality which "made responsibility the especial privilege of rank."

At the fifth wife, it is felt that the philosophic curiosity of the reader will be naturally excited, and require some account of these successive catastrophes; and the account is, that there was "a business-like habit of proceeding" about the king which led to conjugal infelicity. "We rise from the laborious perusal (of the "many thousand documents" relating to the reign) "with the conviction, rather, that the king's disposition was naturally cold;" and that if he kept at least one mistress and had six wives, it was from a self-denying submission to the dictates of public duty. In slandering the honor of Anne of Cleves, and getting rid of her, to marry some one else, he was also, we presume, influenced by "natural coldness." The alternating divorces and uxoricides of Catholic and Protestant wives appear to have been arranged by a tasteful Destiny preserving the "symmetry of misfortune." The king's apparent vacillations in religion, and the alternating persecutions by which they were accompanied, were really, it seems, a steady policy of moderation. The king wished to ensure the triumph of the Reformation by keeping it within bounds, and cutting off the heads of "men of genius," like Cromwell, who attempted to go too fast. It was in pursuance of this moderating policy that he first required his subjects, on pain of death, to believe in three Sacraments, and afterwards in seven, and that he first abolished all the monasteries, and then enforced the observance of monastic vows. The triumph of moderate Protestantism was complete when the Six Bloody Articles reimposed on England all the leading doctrines of the Roman Catholic Faith. Liberty of conscience seems rather an essential part of Protestantism, but, after all, a little violation of it is a good thing in its way. "Not variety of opinion, but unity—not the equal license of the wise and the foolish to choose their belief—but an ordered harmony, where wisdom (the wisdom of Henry VIII.) prescribes a law to ignorance (the ignorance of More and Latimer), is the rule which reasonable men should most desire for themselves and for mankind."

Besides, "if Henry erred" in so slight a matter as imposing false doctrines and persecuting the true, "his errors might find excuse in the multitude of business which was crowded upon him." The various inroads upon the constitution made in the course of the reign were really so many instances of revolutionary enthusiasm exalting a popular chief. The Act empowering the "king for the time being," to make laws by royal proclamation without the consent of Parliament, was analogous to the Roman practice of appointing a temporary Dictator to carry the state through a crisis. The Acts enabling the king to repudiate his loans were graduated retrospective property taxes. Benevolences were a spontaneous act of "the gentlemen" who "preferred the honor of England to their personal convenience." Alderman Reed and Alderman Roch, who were so insolent as to think benevolences unconstitutional, were the one justly imprisoned, the other pressed for the northern wars, "amidst general amusement and approbation," which the chroniclers to whom Mr. Froude refers have omitted to record. The debasing of the coin, as we have mentioned before, was "a loan from the mint," similar in principle to the suspension of cash payments. The monastery lands, which might have obviated the necessity of benevolences, had been "melted down into cannon," some pieces of which, of large calibre, now form the inheritance of the houses of Seymour, Fitzwilliam, and Russell. The miscarriages in Ireland were not caused by sending out incompetent men and starving the service. The fact is, "the country has exerted a magical power of transformation upon every one connected with it. The hardest English understanding has given way before a few years of residence there; the most solid good sense has melted under the influence of its atmosphere"—as was the case, for example, with Lord Chesterfield and Lord Wellesley. The wrongs done to the Irish people, who were forbidden to intermarry with the conquering race, or to hold office in their own land, disappear, and nothing remains but their faults, calling for exemplary coercion. Henry's foreign policy was all straightforward and sound, and that of his opponents was all the reverse. The plot for kidnapping the King of Scotland, and carrying him off to London in time of peace, was a plan for "employing some gentle con-

straint," since "a free visit could not be arranged." The plot for assassinating Cardinal Beton, was "looking at things as they were, and not through conventional forms." The diplomatic lying which Paget reports to his master, was "honest service." The alliance with the Emperor against the German Protestants, which led to the sack of Cleves, was all in favor of moderate Protestantism. In short, such a "palimpsest" never was found before.

We began by paying a just tribute to the merits of those portions of Mr. Froude's work which his paradox does not affect. The greater portion of our limited space has necessarily been taken up in examining the grounds of the extraordinary revolution which he has undertaken to effect in this period of English history. Our opinion upon his reasonings and their result is not doubtful: and we would once more urge him to reconsider his

Henry VIII if he wishes his history to live. But we must end with the renewed expression of the pleasure we have derived from many parts of the work, especially those which delineate the religious parties of the time. The interest of the new matter is extreme, and it is given for the most part in the most interesting manner. Even on the character of Henry VIII. himself as a theologian and statesman, some new light has probably been thrown. Mr. Carlyle has a good deal to answer for in having been the means, by his splendid but dangerous example, of spoiling what might have been so good a book, and compelling its honest critics to say, that it may stand very high in the estimation of those who look in a history only for interest and excitement, but that it cannot stand high in the estimation of those who look in a history above all things for the truth.

OAKS IN ENGLAND.—The Parliament Oak, in Clipston Park, is said to be fifteen hundred years old. This park existed before the conquest, and belongs to the Duke of Portland. The tallest oak was the same nobleman's property. It was called the duke's walking stick, and was higher than Westminster Abbey. The largest oak in England is the Calthorpe oak, Yorkshire; it measures 78 feet in circumference at the ground. The Three Shire Oak at Work-sop is called so from forming part of the counties of Nottingham, Derby, and York. This tree had the greatest expanse of any recorded in this island, drooping over 777 square yards. The most productive oak was that of Gelenos, in Monmouthshire, felled in 1810; the bark brought £200, and its timber £670. In the mansion of Tredegar Park, Monmouthshire, there is said to be a room, 42 feet long and 27 feet broad, the floor and wainscot of which were the production of a single tree—an oak—grown on the estate.—*Sir W. Symonds.*

CHANCELS NO POPERY.—The use of the Chancel for the Communion service is so far from being Popery that the Papists and Popish Impropiators in England permit the Chancels where they are concerned to lie the most disorderly and ruinous of any other, as I myself have seen in several places, they are not careful to repair or clean them; nor can they be brought

to contribute to the Reformation of Churches but by mere compulsion, and they would be well enough satisfied to see all the Chancels and Churches in England lye in ruin, for this would be the most certain way to overthrow the Reformation and bring in Popery, which being planted again by Authority would soon oblige that party to rebuild the Churches.—*Bishop of Lincoln's Charge, 1697, p. 22.*

DRUM'S IDEA OF A MATERIAL CHURCH.—Drum, one of the six preachers, and who afterwards "fell away into Papistry," was presented to Archbishop Cranmer for preaching, among other erroneous and dangerous notions, "that the material church is a thing made and ordained to content the affections of men, and is not the thing that pleaseth God, nor that God requires; but is a thing that God doth tolerate for the weakness of men. For as the father contenteth his child with an apple or a hobby-horse, not because these things do delight the father, but because the child, ruled by affections, is more desirous of these things than the father is rejoiced in the deed; so Almighty God condescending to the infirmities of man and his weakness, doth tolerate material churches, gorgeously built and richly decked, not because he requires or is pleased with such things."—*Strype's Cranmer, p. 108.*

From Chambers's Journal.

THE ANCIENT RESERVOIRS OF ADEN.

MANY and great have already been the vicissitudes of the town of Aden. In remote times called "Eumaimore" or the prosperous, it continued to prosper as the principal emporium of trade between Europe and the East, till the adventurous Portuguese opened out a new and more convenient ocean-route for the merchandise of India and China. The tide of traffic thus diverted from Aden, its prosperity gradually declined. The Turks got possession of it in an underhand way, just forty years after Vasco de Gama had rounded the "Cape of Storms," and they seem to have done a good deal to fortify and improve the town. At the beginning of the eighteenth century, however, Aden was governed by a native prince. By this time Moca had successfully rivalled it as the seat of the coffee-trade; and when the East India Company took possession of it in 1839, it was a poverty-stricken, decayed place, having only a lingering remnant of traffic in gums, with about six hundred squalid Arabs for inhabitants, and with no foreign ships to rock securely within its noble harbor.

However, the tide has now turned in its favor, and British rule and the overland route to India combined, bid fair to raise the place to far more than its ancient importance. It can now boast a busy population of 25,000, gathered out of almost every nation under Heaven; the annual value of its imports and exports is little short of a million sterling, and its port is crowded with shipping. It is a depot for steamers and a principal coaling-station. Here weary voyagers gladly disembark before or after the somewhat anxious threading of the coral-reefs in the Red Sea, to "take their ease at their inn," and explore—as we are now about to do—the marvellous reservoirs with which we rejoice to be told that the district abounds. For a thirsty district indeed it is, without trees to shade it, without running streams to freshen, its lofty semicircle of barren limestone and lava rocks—but for the relief of the sea-breeze—reflecting intolerably the fierce glare of the tropical sun. The one serious drawback to the permanent importance and prosperity of Aden threatened to be the inadequate supply of fresh water: experiment after experiment was made, new wells were dug with no other result than that of drying up old ones, and vast sums laid out, all in vain.

It would seem, therefore, that the nineteenth century must be content to take a lesson in practical science from the wisdom of the past; and that having discovered a magnificent series of ancient reservoirs for the collecting and storing of rain water, it can do nothing so well as to persevere in their restoration, or, if need be, undertake the construction of others.

It appears that this plan of collecting water in reservoirs is of extreme antiquity in Araby the blest. The earliest and most gigantic work of the kind we know anything about is the great dam of Mareb, built, some historians aver, about 1750 B. C.—the time when Jacob in his love for Rachel was tending her father's flocks. "while in the day the drought consumed him and the frost by night." M. Arnaud, a French traveller, who reached Mareb in 1843, describes the ruins of this wonderful dam as situated between two hills which, when joined by the embankments, formed the reservoir. So vast was the space, thus enclosed, that even in that desert stillness, no shout, however shrill, could reach from one end of it to the other; and the massive fragments of masonry that yet remain bear witness to the former solidity of the whole. Probably this was the great original of other reservoirs in this and other parts of Arabia, as well as of those which the Saracens introduced into Spain during their period of triumphant sway. None of these, however, in any way equals the magnificent series of reservoirs lately discovered at Aden, which appear capable, if duly restored, of containing not less than 30,000,000 imperial gallons of water.

But who built these colossal tanks? we ask, and ask in vain. Even the natives shake their heads, and have no certain tradition to offer. Ancient, very ancient, no doubt, their walls have long survived the names of those who reared them; but the impression of Mr. Playfair, the political resident at Aden, to whom we are indebted for our information respecting them, is, that they were begun after the second Persian invasion of Yemen, about the year of our Lord 600. Possibly, many owe their origin to individual piety and patriotism; possibly, some were intended as monuments to perpetuate the fame of the dead, as well as to promote the welfare of the living, for under the domed entrance to one of them a tomb has been discovered.

and it is said that an inscription was removed from the tank which might have given some clue to its history.

According to the local tradition, it was about the year 1500 of our era that these reservoirs began to fall into disuse, the governors of Aden having persevered in digging wells with sufficient success to meet the wants of the already declining city. We read also in a Latin tract written in 1530, of another expedient: "The water was daily brought in on camels, whose number sometimes amounted to 1500, 1600, or even 2000." If this gaunt and clumsy procession arrived in the daytime, the water was circulated through the city; if in the evening, it was deposited in a large cistern near the water-house. This large cistern was seen by Mr. Salt in 1809. We proceed to give his description: "Among the ruins some fine remains of ancient splendor are to be met with. The most remarkable of these remains consist of a line of cisterns situated on the north-west side of the town, three of which are fully eighty feet square, and proportionably deep, all excavated out of the solid rock, and lined with a thick coat of fine stucco, which externally bears a strong resemblance to marble. A broad aqueduct may still be traced which formerly conducted the water to these cisterns, from a deep ravine in the mountain above. Higher up is another still entire, which at the time we visited it (November), was partly filled with water. In front of it extends a handsome terrace, formerly covered with stucco; and behind it rise some immense masses of granite, which, being in some places perpendicular, and in others overhanging the reservoirs, formed, during the hot weather, a most delightful retreat. Some Arab children who followed us, were highly pleased when we arrived at the spot, and plunging headlong into the water, much amused us by their sportive tricks."

About thirty years later, Captain Haines, visiting Aden, found several of these reservoirs still in tolerable preservation. Besides the hanging tanks, as those built high up on the rugged mountain-sides are called, there were other large ones still to be traced around the town. We are sorry to be obliged to record the fact that, since the occupation of Aden by the English, the tanks have been not only neglected, but injured. The hanging tanks, fortunately, were pretty much out of

reach; but the stones of those that lay ready to hand, were ruthlessly carried away for building purposes—the hollows filled up with the debris washed down from the mountains, and the whole believed to be ruined beyond the possibility of repair.

Meanwhile, more than half the population of Aden was drinking water brackish beyond what is usually considered endurable; and many thousand tuns of rain-water were annually lost from want of means to retain it. And now, let us gladly learn how efficient an apparatus for so doing had been all the while buried out of sight, to be restored by the energy of the political resident.

Four years ago, government sanctioned the repair of the three tanks known to be in tolerable preservation; the superintendence of the work being intrusted to Mr. Playfair, who at first, was obliged to content himself with convict labor, and such assistance from free labor as the small surplus of the town funds, and the sale of the rain-water collected in the cisterns, enabled him to obtain. At that time, he had no idea that the tank-system was so widely extended, and he expected to carry out the undertaking on the inexpensive plan above mentioned.

But day by day, new discoveries were made, and government came forward liberally to insure the successful completion of an enterprise, which we shall be better able to understand when we have read Mr. Playfair's description of the environs of Aden:

"The range of hills which form the boundary of the crater of Aden is nearly circular; on the outer side, the hills are very precipitous, and the rain-water rushing rapidly down them by means of long narrow ravines separate from each other. On the inner side, the hills are quite as abrupt; but their descent is broken about half-way down by a large table-land, intersected by numerous deep ravines, nearly all converging from the principal range of hills into the Tawela Valley, which thus receives about a quarter of the drainage of the peninsula. This valley is 700 feet in length from the point where it leaves the table-land to its actual junction with the level plain of the crater. The hills throughout are perpendicular; and at the head of the gorge they meet, leaving barely room for one man to pass through them! The valley then gradually opens out to a breadth of a hundred and fifty feet, and the hills circling to the

right and left form part of the walls of the crater of Aden."

The steepness of the ravines, the exceeding hardness of the rocks, and their scarcity of soil, all combine to prevent any considerable amount of absorption. Thus even a moderate fall of rain will send a raging torrent down the Tawela Valley, which ere it reach the sea, not unfrequently swells to an unfordable river. Much damage has thus been frequently done. Reed-houses, animals, nay, human beings, have been swept along into the sea; and during a December fall of rain in 1842, such was the fearful rush of water through the gorge, that two hundred animals were carried away; and when the morning broke on the scene of devastation, nine men were missing, and only three of their bodies were ever found.

Thus, then, we see there is not only a great good to be gained, but a great evil to be avoided. The watersprites have to be subdued into a blessing, or submitted to as a scourge. The wisdom of earlier ages had taken the first course—their gigantic reservoirs chiefly occurring in and near this main water-course. These have been described by most travellers as excavated out of the solid rock; but Mr. Playfair's account differs from theirs in this particular: he describes those at the foot of the hills as generally built at some re-entering angle of the rock which promises a copious flow of water; there the soil has been carefully cleared away, and a salient angle or curve of masonry built across it, while every feature of the adjacent rocks has been taken advantage of, and connected by small aqueducts, to insure no water being lost.

The overflow of one tank is conducted into another, and thus a complete chain once existed into the very centre of the town. Their construction is extremely fantastic, the only principle which seems to have been adhered to being an avoidance of straight lines; and the correctness of this principle has been proved in the recent excavations, as in almost every instance where straight lines existed, they were forced in by the rush of water. The tanks are generally of stone and mud-masonry, roughly plastered on the outside, and beautifully coated with plaster within; flights of steps, gradients, platforms, are heaped together, and give an exceedingly grotesque appearance to the whole. Each large

tank has a smaller one in front of it, built for the purpose of retaining all the earth and stones carried down by the torrent, and permitting a pure stream of water to flow into the reservoir beyond. And now for what has been already done: "Thirteen reservoirs having an aggregate capacity of 3,500,000 gallons, have been cleared out and restored; thirty-six more discovered, but not as yet excavated. Up to September last, the expense incurred amounted to 1100 rupees; and in the same month, a moderate fall of rain, lasting only three hours, sufficed to fill the restored tanks to the brim. The water thus collected realised, up to the following February, 2200 rupees, or double the expenditure incurred—water having a ready sale in Aden at one rupee per hundred gallons; nor is this all, for over and above the quantity disposed of, there remained a surplus of about 600,000 gallons." A pleasant sight this filling of the restored reservoirs must have been to all, especially to those whose energy had been instrumental in the work—a pleasant sight to see the mountain-torrent, no longer wandering at its own wild will, but led from tank to tank, gurgling over the lip of the highest, running along the skilfully constructed aqueducts, getting filtered in the smallest reservoirs, and gradually filling those lowest down in the valley. Thousands of all classes and ages flocked to the refreshing sight—how refreshing we, in our cloudy and temperate climate, can little know; and the noise of the rushing water was fairly drowned by the acclamations of the crowd.

It is calculated that even in the most unfavorable season not less than 6,000,000 gallons will be collected; and thus a minimum annual value of 60,000 rupees (£6,000) produced while the restoration of all the tanks would insure an annual supply of from twenty to thirty million gallons. We therefore trust that the Indian government will not stop short of this great result. Rendered independent of all external sources for its water-supply, it is difficult to place any bounds to the possible importance and prosperity of Aden. Should the projected sea-canal from Suez to Pelusium be ever carried out—and the equilibrium of the Mediterranean and the Red Sea being now established, affords a strong hope that it will—a direct passage to the east would be afforded to ships of the largest size. The great Indian trade would probably take this route, and the importance of Aden as a coal-depot and mercantile station being proportionably increased, it would no longer look back to the past for its palmy days, when conquering Rome bestowed on it the title of Romanum Emporium, but forward to the future, with commerce and civilization ever increasing, and under British sway.

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RELIGIOUS BIOGRAPHY.

"BIOGRAPHY," says Dr. Johnson, "is very rarely well executed." Yet, it may be added, that well or ill executed, it is very rarely uninteresting. It has often been remarked, that to write the life of the least loveable of mankind is, in nine cases out of ten, to fall in love with him—something in the same way as the naturalist comes to entertain a strange affection for the weird-shapen centipede, whose manners and customs he has watched with such scrutinizing curiosity. And the glow with which the biographer executes his task seldom fails to awaken a congenial warmth in the susceptibilities of his readers.

One would think that the lives of godly men might be likely to form an exception to this rule. The martyr, indeed, or the missionary, presents points of view which all the world is ready to understand. The sublimity of passive endurance is only less fascinating than the sublimity of military heroism. The palms of India—the sapphire blue and dazzling surf of the sea which girdles the Melanesian Islands, supply a romantic framework to encase the picture of the messenger of peace. The feet that are commonplace enough along our streets and parishes grow strangely beautiful upon the distant and purple mountain tops. The isolated cases, too, in which the saint is a scholar, like Arnold; or a philosopher, like Pascal; or an orator, like Chalmers; or a poet, like Heber; or a politician, like Wilberforce—have angles which reflect the light upon the outward world—painted panes, which give to the whiteness of the heavenly radiance those richer hues and that more variegated effulgence, which will always be admired, while the native light, divinely golden pale, is unnoticed. But, the average mass of religious men—possessed of qualities which tell in the long run, and cannot be concentrated into the élixir of a romantic situation—governed by principles which in proportion to their intensity they are unable to analyze and incompetent to defend, and which often wear the appearance of narrowness or of bigotry—quiet, and living in a world of thought, whose air cannot be breathed by the uninitiated—in no degree intellectually superior to the educated men and women whom we meet every day of our existence—how is it that the records of such lives are not only written, but received with avidity? It is a

fact, that religious biography is not only eminently popular with every section and every sub-section of the Christian Church—beyond any other species of spiritual book, it is something more than tolerated by men who would admit of themselves that they are not religious. How is this? Is it that as we perform our deeds of heroism by proxy, in reading of Nelson or Napoleon, so by some subtle self-deception we would be religious through Vicars, Hammond, or Suckling—project ourselves into the subject of the pious memoir—experience, at a cheap rate, a vicarious conversion, without the anguish and self-surrender of personal repentance; and identify ourselves with feelings which do not work from the depth of our own inner-being, and are but faint and glimmering sympathetic reflections of motives that are not our own, and of influences that we have never really experienced? However this may be, the fact remains certain, that worldly—even irreligious, minds—seem to feel that there is something soothing, as well as solemn, in books of this class. They can gaze upon the spectacle of a good man's life and death as they would upon the spectacle of a splendid sunset, and learn nothing more practical from these memorials of exalted holiness than from the luminous trail which the expiring daylight leaves in the western sky.

Our table is covered with specimens of religious biography. We shall never be able to wind our way through the maze without something of a plan. Let us consider the chief eras of religious biography in the Christian Church, with especial reference to our own; we shall then, perhaps, be in a better position to estimate the merits and defects of the peculiar style of religious biography which meets with so much acceptance in the present day.

I. Scripture is the great treasure-house of religious biography. Its oldest book is rather a silver-linked chain of lives than the complicated network of a regular history. The call of Abraham is the germ of every chapter headed, "The Conversion," or "The Great Change," in subsequent biographies. The records of domestic sorrows of which they are full, take their key-note from the voice of grief over the dying wife in Ephrath. The memorials of death-beds have their type and precedent in him who cried out, "I have waited for thy salvation, O God;" before he

gathered up his feet into the bed. When we pass to the New Testament, it is significant of its free and personal character, that its dogmatic theology is not frozen into essays, but poured out in letters; while "the wool" out of which the whole web of the Gospel is woven is a fourfold divine biography.

Upon leaving the sacred volume, the character of biography immediately begins to alter. There are occasional traits, and exceptional passages—like the martyrdom of Polycarp, and many anecdotes in Eusebius—more like what we should now expect in religious biography, tender and distinctive. But the sketches grow harder, and more generalized. The sound of the axe begins to be heard in the Temple. We are told more of the strong hand of the controversialist, than of the true heart of the saint. The very word *saint* comes to mean orthodox divine, rather than man of God. St. Jerome's book of illustrious men, will afford examples of our meaning. Thus of Lucian and Phileas he writes:—

"Lucian suffered at Nicomedia for confessing Christ, in the persecution of Maximin, and was buried at Hellenopolis, in Bythnia. . . . Phileas, an Egyptian of noble family and large possessions, having become a bishop, wrote a very elegant book in praise of the martyrs; and after holding the disputation recorded in his acts against the judge who tried to compel him to sacrifice, was decapitated for Christ's sake."

St. Victorinus is dismissed thus shortly and sweetly:—

"Victorinus, Bishop of Petau, was not as well acquainted with Latin as with Greek. Hence his works are grand enough in conception, but somewhat poor in finish of execution. His works are as follows: Commentaries on Genesis, &c., Against all heresies, and several other books. Finally he was crowned with martyrdom."

Ambrose, the Deacon of Alexandria, is handled with a curt honesty, which later writers on eminent Christian lives have hardly imitated.

"Ambrose, originally a Marcionite, then converted by Origen, was a deacon of the church, and conspicuous for gloriously confessing the Lord. Aided by his industry, at his expense, and by his solicitation, Origen dictated innumerable volumes. He also, as being a man of noble birth, had far from inelegant endowments, as his epistles to Origen remain to testify. He died before the decease

of Origen; and is blamed by many, because, rich as he was, he made no disposition in favor of his poor and aged friend."

Results are here summed up: books written, disputations held, confession manfully made, the crown of martyrdom gloriously won and worn, are mentioned in a matter of fact style. The story is left to speak for itself. The inner process is taken for granted, or passed over as a matter not to be recorded in words.

These hard outlines melt into the quaintly-colored mist of Hagiologies and *Acta Sanctorum*. But between these and the primitive lives there intervenes a tract of religious biography which may be said to be covered by Tillemont, of whom Gibbon has observed, in an almost forgotten pamphlet, that "his compilations might alone be considered as an immense repository of truth and fable—of almost all that the fathers have preserved, or invented, or believed." These memoirs have something of the rugged primitive simplicity, with a considerable addition of the supernatural element. But, like the prodigies so punctually recorded in Livy, these miracles are for the most part rather ornaments pinned on the story than an integral portion of it. It reads itself off *minus* these extraordinary circumstances, thus presenting the strongest contrast to the sacred narrative, of which the miracles are part and parcel, and without which it would in most cases be inconsequent or inconceivable.

The Hagiologies have been succeeded in the modern Church of Rome by those Lives of the Saints which have attained some circulation in these islands, under the clever editing of Father Faber of the Oratory. These lives were originally called into existence, in all probability, by two circumstances. In the first place, the new machinery of Congregations, (with the processes so subtly treated by Benedict in his Treatise of Canonizations) for the investigation of titles to sainthood—a sort of committee of spiritual lords on the dormant or disputed peerages of heaven—had amassed a vast heap of miraculous stories and pious anecdotes which it seemed advisable to utilize in this way. Then, the Reformation had turned from theology proper to spiritual psychology, from the objective truths of the ancient creeds to their subjective realization in the believer's heart and life, with eminent success. Here, in these spiritual combats—

in these ascents from the arid deserts, where the soul is deprived of all sensible consolation, to the topmost round of the silver ladder of the contemplative life—was the very element required to meet the Reformation. And here again the sons of Philip Neri were called into requisition. When the learning of the Magdeburgh Centuriators had shaken the foundation of the Papacy, Baronius had endeavored to underprop the pillars with the great bulk of his annals. Others of the same society were to meet the enemy with assemblies for social worship, with warm hymns in the vernacular—above all, with religious biography, which was to be compiled, selected, read in the refectory of the brethren, and studied by all priests of the community, until they should be able to give unction and vivacity to their sermons by the easy introduction of appropriate anecdotes from this inexhaustible treasury. There was another circumstance which, perhaps, stimulated the authorities of the Roman Church to give prominence to these biographies. It was currently objected that the laity had lost their place and privilege in the Latin Communion, and that the priesthood were the church. Now, it will be found stated with much emphasis in the prefaces to these Lives of the Saints, that the halo and aureole do not encompass the brows of the priesthood exclusively; that the highest honors of sanctity have, in point of fact, been gained by members of the laity, by holy women and men who had never received the tonsure. Here was an incitement to the tender devotion of virgins, and the pious aspiration of earnest laymen. Highest upon the earth stood the consecrated priest; in the confessional, dropping down the dew of pardon and peace from his uplifted hands; at the altar, clothed in maniple and stole, the type and image of that great High Priest who wore a gorgeous robe of mockery before Herod. But, before the golden altar, higher yet, and nearer to the presence, where fumes of richer incense go up than ever curled round pyx or Remonstrance, might one day stand the spirit of some of the multitude who were kneeling on the floor, while the priest was chanting on the altar steps. The publication of the Lives of the Saints was intended as an indication to the laity that the priesthood were pretty well content with a monopoly of the Saviour's kingdom upon earth, and that they were willing

to give the laity even the largest share, and the highest place, in the glory hereafter.

Had we sufficient space, and adequate learning in this kind, it might be most interesting to attempt to attain, by a large induction of particulars, the general laws underlying these lives. For, general features the biographies of Peter of Alcantara, John of the Cross, Rose of Lima, Juliana Falconieri, Philip Neri, Francis of Assisium, unquestionably have. There is in all the same ascetic severity. Rose is memorable for some wonderful piece of abstinence in the animal frame, of which the biographer will only say, that it is "almost incredible to nature." Alphonsus Liguori is fascinated by the smell of roasted sucking pig at a fair—that odor of which Charles Lambe has so quaintly written, that "it is intenerated and dulcified pig, animal violets," or something to that effect. A friend, who observes the saint's delight with the odor, procures a savoury morsel and presents it to him. The roast pork disappears. After an interval of some weeks a piece of something is laid before Alphonsus at the refectory, putrid, blue and green, horrid to sight and smell. "Eat, vile flesh," cried Liguori! It was the portion of sucking pig to which he had turned with more complaisance than his conscience could approve. Another anecdote of the same saint (we believe) is of a type so near approaching to self-murder that we are surprised at its appearance. One passed by the saint's cell in the night. He listened. He heard the whistling and knotted scourge falling with a dull and sickening sound. He could restrain himself no longer, lest the self-tormentor should die by his own hand. He rushed in, and found his spiritual father deadly pale, and covered with bloody weals. Strange and childish wonders appear in profusion. Hosts are always flying in the air. The stick of Peter of Alcantara more than rivals the rod of the Egyptain magicians. Morsels of thread from a garment work wonderful cures. Sometimes there is a kind of fantastic prettiness about these wonders. Francis of Assisium finds a wreath of white and purple roses upon the snow. Catherine of Sienna is carried over the sea by a flight of angels. Worshipers are elevated from the ground towards the sacrament, and a golden lambent glory plays round their hair and forehead. Sometimes spiritual truths are represented in course

and external apparitions, and the Saviour himself is fearlessly introduced as an actual agent. St. Paul's expression, "bearing in his body the marks of the Lord;" and his description of the Christian course, "always bearing about in the body the dying of the Lord," are travestied in the stigmata of Francis. The deep truth of the espousal of the soul, the spiritual mystery of the Canticles and the Epistle to the Ephesians, is miserably and sickeningly literalized in the flowers, and kisses, and ring, and bleeding heart, of some of these narratives. The burning of the soul, and the enlargement of the spirit in the believer, are fixed into actual physical discomfort. Witness the pain, like fire, in Philip's heart and the swelling which distended his chest, and broke one of his ribs. Occasionally there are stories of much shrewdness, or of considerable beauty. A popular preacher came to the founder of the oratory for advice—his comfort in prayer was gone. His thoughts wandered. "I will cure you," said Philip. "You preached well last feast-day. Preach that sermon alone, and no other, until I give you permission." The unfortunate monk had no alternative: he must obey. In the course of a few months, the children used to point their fingers in the streets at the monk who had but one sermon. The humiliation seems to have had the desired effect. At another time, the pope was persecuted by theologians about the graces and miracles of a certain nun. Neri undertook to examine the question. Mounted on a shambling mule, and caparisoned in ancient boots with enormous flaps, he rode for the length of a summer day to the convent in question. Covered with sweat, and grimed with dust, he strode into the presence of the mother superior, produced his credentials, and desired the sister in question to be called. When she appeared, he told her from whence he came, and stretching out his feet, commanded her to pull off his boots. "What!" said the sister, "I, the honor of this convent, whom priests and doctors come to hear—I like your impudence!" "Bring my mule," cried Filippo. "I have seen enough. There is no humility here; and where there is no humility, there are no miracles." There is something childlike and beautiful in the story of one of these men, Francis of Sales—we believe—so often referred to by Leighton. On smelling the fragrance of a rose, he exclaimed, "Oh, the goodness of my God, to

have thought of me from all eternity." It is right, because it is true, to add, that among the sayings in these singular books, there are here and there flashes of insight into the mind of the spirit—light thrown freshly and beautifully upon many texts, and expressions of love, which show how far in its deepest superstition the mind of the Christian ascetic is from the mere repulsive vagaries of the Dervish of the Fakir,

Our own Church has been rich in biographies, whose truth and simplicity afford a striking contrast to these factitious wonders and exaggerated standards of sanctity. The earliest and most beautiful of these are of the genuine Anglican complexion. Hooker, issuing from the gateway of Corpus, in the simplicity of his heart, to be mated with a shrew; Sanderson, the staunch royalist, taking off his nightcap reverently on his deathbed, that Mr. Pullen's hand might be laid on his head, to bless his dying bishop; George Herbert, that great lover of church music, but greater lover of the prayers of his mother, the church, and of the Holy Scriptures, "one leaf whereof is worth all other books;" Nicholas Farrer, in his oratory at little Gidding, a recluse without superstition; Henry Hammond, equally at home whether he were preaching before Charles at St. James," or giving his little flock at Penshurst those simple lessons which were afterwards drawn together into the "Practical Catechism;" Dr. Donne, that sweet and gentle preacher, who almost expired in the pulpit of St. Paul's Cathedral—have afforded subjects for the best lives of this kind. The Anglican type of religious biography is soft and soothing. It is not the sort of panegyric which a popular preacher would declaim from a pulpit. It is set in the key to which we attune our voices when we walk under the church-yard limes, in a summer evening, and talk lovingly and solemnly of the holy dead. It fails, perhaps, in giving us any very vivid insight into the alternations of the spiritual combat. It is somewhat too reserved in its manifestations of the inner life. The pages are blistered by no scalding tears, by no sweat-drops of spiritual agony; we rather feel than are told from whence the odor of their holiness proceeds; as in walking up a country lane, in the dusk, we perceive the presence of the honeysuckle by the fragrance of its hidden wreaths. The biographer does not exhibit to us Pilgrim, mocked

at by his wife and children, and faring forth with fiery terror in his heart. Rather do we see him lying in his chamber, Peace, and hear him singing a gentle hymn, with his eyes on the window that opens towards the sunrise, looking at the outlines of the heavenly city, which he is soon to enter. The subjects of these lives are generally men of cultivated intellects, profound theologians as well as sincere Christians. Hence the calm, unhesitating conviction of truth, the sober handling of Scripture, not by crumbling it into little texts, but by taking its general scope, and the ready appeal to primitive antiquity, which sound, perhaps, somewhat coldly in the ears of an age that is eminently impulsive and unscientific in theology. In justice to such men, who may seem to us too studious and contemplative, we should remember that they were cast in an age when it was not impossible for a Christian to adjust his time between contending claims. The clergyman's daily, or festival services, his monthly communions, (then thought "a distant return to primitive frequency"), his Sunday morning sermon, his afternoon catechizing, his "circuits" of his little parish, his study, made up his entire work, which was quietly engrossing rather than excitingly intense. Herbert seems to take it for granted that on Sunday itself the parson is not so busy but that some of his farmers and humbler parishioners can taste of his cheer at a comfortable dinner, and hear his voice discoursing sweetly of his master. The clergyman then was not hustled from meeting to meeting, driven from the lecture-room to the platform, and hurried from one class to another. The age was different from ours. Therefore, the details of the men's lives were different. They cannot be literally imitated; but the spirit which animated them is living yet. It is something as different from Romanism as the scent of a violet from patchouli; as an oratorian ditty from Ken's evening hymn; as a modern Romish meeting-house, with dressed dolls and artificial flowers, from an old Saxon church. The nearest external reproduction of it is in the study of some English parsonage. One may hear the sound of its voice in the deep, calm, massive sentences of some of the better English clergymen of the old school.

These biographies are succeeded by a class of which "Nelson's Life of Bishop Bull" may stand as a specimen. In early youth he was

sent away from Exeter College, apparently for moral irregularities. He appears, after an interval, as a minister of the then persecuted church. It is a singular proof of the reserve and objective character of this school, that Nelson makes no attempt to bridge over the chasm between the "fast" undergraduate and the devoted clergyman, by any particular record of the great change which must have occurred in Bull's inward history. Unlike Hooker, and many others of the quiet unheretical Churchmen of his stamp, Bull was gifted by nature with a noble voice, and graceful manner, which he had cultivated until he possessed a majestic flow of extemporaneous eloquence. Some modern young gentlemen, who profess to admire Bull, sneer at "preaching the prayers." But Bull, on one occasion, when the use of the liturgy was penal, charmed a Cromwellian Independent into admiration of the baptismal service, with a special reservation against the sign of the cross—by the simple and devout earnestness with which he pronounced it off book. His readiness silenced the errant fanatic Quakers better than the punishments of the magistrates. In the see of St. Asaph, he lived with the simple piety of a primitive bishop. His charges express an awful sense of the weightiness of the pastoral duty. He made most earnest attempts to revive the disused practice of family prayer in his diocese. The penetrating eye of Bishop O'Brien has found some flaws in his theory of justification; but the work of a theologian of twenty-five years of age ought to receive some grains of allowance. The record of his life, and its affecting close, would not lead us to suppose that his views had practically led to any serious error in his own case. A yet higher niche may be given to the life of Bishop Ken. This good man is another instance of the stern objective character of the religion of these elder worthies. There is no psychologizing, no record left of inward experience or feelings. If we may judge by a passage in one of his practical books, we should suppose that his inner life was traced from time to time—that its aberrations, in particular, were marked with unsparing plainness—and that the paper was then destroyed. His humble spirit seemed to shelter itself under a *formula*. Every letter moves between two mottoes, "All glory be to God," and "God keep us in His holy fear (or love), and mindful of eternity." The

readers of some modern books may rise disappointed from the perusal of the life of Ken. His spirit is not chronicled in journal or diary that fades as soon as the ink is dry in which it is written : it was stamped on the thousand hearts that had been awed, or melted, under his unearthly eloquence ; it lives in the hymns which go up to heaven, week by week, from millions of worshippers, wherever our tongue is spoken ; it breathes from one of the noblest pages of English history ; it speaks from that Testament at Longleat, marked by his incessant perusal, and opening after a hundred and fifty years at his favorite chapter.

Religious biography was long in a decadent condition, after the appearance of Burnett's memorable volume. Alas ! the reigns of Anne and of the two Georges did not supply many subjects for it. Waterland was a good divine, but dry and technical, and more of the theologian than of the saint. Butler was a man of eminent holiness : the very expression of his face, while praying in his cathedral, is said to have been that of saintly intensity. We know that he was fond of the works of the ascetics and mystics. His published books may not contain as much as many might desire of that which is distinctly evangelical ; but there was a purpose, sternly kept in view, which restrained his pen. He kept silence, when it was pain and grief to him, that he might witness with more power. The few scraps of his papers which have seen the light breathe of a high and awful devotion. But Dr. Foster, his biographer, was not very well calculated to represent this side of his character. The evangelical revival soon gave the church some precious lives. Cecil, Henry Martyn, Simeon, are names familiar to all. They also represent a school of biography hitherto unknown in England. They have not the tender and graceful pensiveness of the old Anglican memoirs ; they have not the awful gloom of the old puritans, Bunyan and Goodwin, or even of John Newton ; but it is to be remarked of these earlier evangelical memoirs, that, like those of Leighton and Hall, they are not the heritage of this or of that party, but of the church.

After a few years, the stream of biography flows into two main channels, with some inferior rills trickling from them.

One of these main currents we call (for convenience, not by way of disrespect) the

modern Evangelical. This includes ladies (for instance, Adelaide Newton), clergymen, of course, like Mr. Forsyth, and others ; but it is very remarkable and highly honorable to it, that it has *exclusive possession* of the military field, always so rich in saints. Colonel Gardiner has had spiritual sons in the Crimea and India. The life of Hedley Vears is the most conspicuous specimen of this modern military evangelical division. We confess that we much prefer, as far as the execution of the work is concerned, the recently published life of Captain Maximilian Hammond. It is the story of a servant of God, who, from the day of his conversion, walked with his Master in simple faith, and who died at the Redan, as he had lived, a Christian soldier and a true-hearted gentleman. It is quite free from the dashes of effective writing ; from the little aristocratic allusions strangely woven into such a book ; and from the tender egotism, of which we cannot honestly acquit the "Memoirs of Vears." In that work we have always seen a beautiful subject, cleverly and effectively treated for momentary popularity ; but cast in a style which might technically be termed *specky*, and disfigured by some affectations which honest criticism must deplore. But the hero is the jewel, and we must not quarrel with the setting.

The other main biographical current, we shall call (again for convenience) the modern High Church. This section of the church has not been so rich or varied in biographies as the last. It is, indeed, upon principle, opposed to much exhibition or ostentation of the inward life ; but it has produced three, at all events, of extraordinary merit, the memoirs of Bishop Armstrong, Mr. Suckling, and Mr. Anderson, of Brighton. The second of these, but for a little of the *mistiness*, characteristic of the writer and his school, would be nearly perfect.

There yet remain a number of unclassified lives. Some by those who are not members of our own communion. Of these the best beyond comparison is the life of Chalmers. Its Catholic spirit of love, its sympathy with all that is true and good, its rugged honesty and manly tenderness, are pleasant and bracing after the morbid and hysterical maunderings which find their way into print. The worst also beyond comparison is the life of the great and good Havelock, by Mr. Brock. It manages to swallow up every quality of the

Christian hero in the one fact that he belonged to the Baptist denomination. Its last chapter is a poor, a very poor sermon, on the text, "Havelock speaks, and he says," each division being printed in large capitals. Perhaps we should bracket this life of Havelock, with a little blood-red volume of sickening vulgarity, entitled, "The Martyr of Allahabad. Memorial of Ensign Arthur Marcus Hill Cheek." Beyond the often repeated statement that this brave boy was godson of the Lord Arthur Marcus Cecil Hill, K.T.S., we know not what fresh information the book gives to its reader. By a refinement of stupidity, the writer just manages to convey some doubt whether the glorious lad was indeed one of "the flowers of martyrdom." Mr. Meeks' prose is of the same indescribable stamp as Mr. Baptist Noel's poems, appended to this biography, and which we have not quite malice enough to quote.

The Broad Church school has also produced one biography of great and transcendent merit, Mr. Stanley's life of Dr. Arnold.

II. This imperfect sketch of a species of writing which has acquired such extraordinary popularity must be followed by an honest attempt to sum up the leading defects and merits of the religious biography of the present day.

One great defect of these books is their *generality*, their want of individualizing traits. In this the modern evangelical biographers are rather wanting. Over the past of these lives there brood a *chiaro scuro* and shadowy horror; over the remainder, down to the grave, there falls a rose tint. A definite fault is rarely pointed out in the converted man. How different is inspired biography! The weakness of Noah and Lot; the timid subtlety of Jacob; the moral and spiritual deterioration of Solomon, are chronicled with a noble candor which is truly divine. Nor can it be said that this is true only of the saints of the elder dispensation. The dissension of Paul and Barnabas is not concealed. After the restitution of Peter, and the Pentecostal effusion, the Epistle to the Galatians exhibits him as an erring man. Now we miss this feature almost entirely in our lives of the present day. The young lady, or soldier, or clergyman, from a certain point in his or her career, is immaculate. Such as people are in certain sentences of their private *memoranda*, such we are led to believe they were in the

whole context of their lives. It is, indeed, confessed, faintly and generally, that the writer does not intend to deify the departed. Passages are quoted with strong acknowledgments of natural depravity; but this, however theologically true, is often a cover under which pride gets off. It is nothing very humiliating to confess that we labor under a guilt which we have in common with the purest of human spirits. Many people are ready enough to humiliate themselves in the abstract, who would receive the "precious balm" of an honest and practical rebuke with a very indifferent grace. There is a certain passage in the biography of a noble lady, in which she says of herself that "she did not look up from earth to heaven, but down from heaven to earth—and that the world was no more to her than a mass of carrion, with flies buzzing round it." A few pages show us that if the world in its larger and more seductive shape had ceased to allure her, yet she *had* a world of her own, and its opinion *was* matter of keen and intense feeling to her. We speak in sincerity and love. Is it thus with the servants of God? Are they never thought not only bores outside their own circle, but eminently disagreeable inside it? Are dear A's or B's faults never discussed with some little asperity? Is there not wonderful truth in this precious fragment of Bishop Butler, preserved in the British museum:

"Good men are not treated in this world as they deserve; yet it is seldom, very seldom, their goodness which makes them disliked; but it is some behavior or other which, however excusable, perhaps infinitely overbalanced by their virtues, yet is offensive, possibly wrong; however such, it may be, as would pass off very well in a man of the world."

Johnson, indeed, might think it an open question whether the drunkenness of Addison or of Parnell should be recorded; but the candid exposition of mere faults or failings is different. A bolder truth in this matter would give us more exactly the work of the Spirit, *as it is*; and would remove that impression of unreality, which many Christian minds experience, anxious to admire the genuine fruits of holiness, yet unable to resign criticism and acquaintance with the undeniable facts of even renewed human nature.

From this generality, and commendable desire to exhibit the servants of God in their

most attractive garb, precious comfort and instruction is lost. For, if we could see things as they are, the church is not crowded exclusively with sinners, who have grown at once into saints. There are many—more than we think—who, having been entangled in special forms of sin, have heard the voice that awakens the sleeper. But old associations have come upon them, and the old sin has seduced them by its perilous sweetness. There are bitter tears shed in secret, burning shame, sore remorse, springing from this source; and worse than these, the hopelessness of pardon; the bell tolling in the heart the funeral of departed grace; the suspicion that what has been considered repentance is a specious delusion. Augustine has a word to say to such as these; but our modern religious memoirs glide by, without a light hung out to those sad watchers on the ocean rock of life.

The religious biographies of one school, at least, exhibit too much *sameness* in their delineations of the motives which lead to a change of life and character, and of the mode in which it is effected. Such a change is not always wrought with the instantaneous rapidity which seems to be now expected in such narratives. Cases, indeed, we reverently believe there are, where old sins, and habits, and thoughts fall away, like the loose snow from a bank sloping to the April sun. It is not that grace stereotypes unknown truths on the mind, else how is it that no heathen is converted without a preacher or a book? It is that the truth, known, but known coldly, burns into the will with a quickening pang, and shines over the intellect with a broader illumination. It is that the doctrine, written on the mind as it were with invisible ink, is held to a fire in which the characters come out. But the special modes in which the change is effected are as diversified as the dispositions of men. Not always is it the rebel, smitten down by the blast and the voice from heaven, and blinded for awhile by the excess of light. Sometimes when men are letting down their nets for a draught in the deep waters of life, and catch nothing, they look towards the shore, and through the morning mist they see One standing there, and know not at first who it is, and hear His voice with vague emotion. Sometimes it is the weak but affectionate disciple, walking in fear and much trembling, and slowly drinking into his

Master's mind. Sometimes it is a low, sweet whisper, heard and cherished in the most unlikely scenes—by the young man in the hunting field; by the high-born girl in the ball-room, where obedience, and not the pomps of the world and the lust of the eye have brought her. At first there may be no sudden leap into another element, but the whisper is never drowned—the pleading accent of eternal love is never silenced: and in due season there comes forth a vessel for the sanctuary more richly wrought and exquisitely chased than many which have been moulded in the very precincts of the church. We are pleading for no relaxation of the awful strictness of the cross; we are but writing plain and undeniable facts.

We must confess, also, that we sometimes find interwoven into these books ethical principles, which are exaggerated, and have a tendency at least to lead to the misery and harm of a scrupulous conscience. The question of the lawfulness of dancing is one which we never see introduced without regret, so sure is it to produce rash and extreme utterances. Dancing, in the abstract, and apart from the abuses to which it unquestionably leads, we cannot consider ungodly or unreasonable. Its use in the grave and solemn ritual of the Hebrews, and the fact that it is employed by our Lord to symbolize the joy of the father over the returning prodigal, are, indeed, no precedents for such applications of it as we find in "the unholy mirth of a London ball-room;" but they are ample proofs that that can hardly be illegitimate which is employed in a connection so sacred. If we make the experiment of substituting for a moment something plainly and undeniably sinful for dancing in such passages, we shall feel the force of this assertion.

"Dancing," says an eloquent and austere moral French writer, "is a part of the language of action, which expresses the movements of the mind by the movements of the body. This is its artistic side, and it becomes grave and solemn, or quick and light. There is dancing among all people, even among savages, as a manifestation of joy or of grief. But as it ought to measure and harmonize all movements, it ought not to transgress the music, which is its rule. Man, in this case, is submitted to the discipline of two arts, which are associated to order and embellish the activity of his limbs. There would, then, be some barbarism in proscribing an art which

contributes in its own way to soften and civilize humanity, by fashioning it even in its material part to grace and good manners. I cannot go so far as the dancing master of the *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, who found in it a rule of good conduct, and a preservative against *les faux pas*; but I think it forms some part of a good education, which ought to discipline the entire man, and teach him to govern body as well as mind. I confess I know no precept of the word of God which forbids a man to move his body in cadence, any more than to take care of it, and clean it."

Or, if the testimony of an Abbé be suspected, "I attack," says Monod, "the dissipation, not of the legs, but of the heart." Let it not be supposed that we are eulogizing those scenes of vanity where precious hours are wasted, and which are inconsistent with the awful earnestness of the Christian life. We are but illustrating the well-intentioned confusion which would class the action of dancing in a quiet home with an ultra-dissipated ball, and eliminate recreation from the vocabulary of youth. It will never do. What is to be said of the cases, again, in which balls are the recognized form of ordinary society, as among the higher circles in London? How is a young lady to act, who is required by her parents to attend such assemblies? It must be left to the conscience and prayers of the individual Christian. Rash assertions on either side may do harm: one way, by emboldening souls to plunge too rashly into the world; another way, by saddening those whom God has not made sad. But, asks an excellent man, "Where are we to stop? The further we keep from the edge of the precipice, the safer we must be." Now, we utterly deny this. We are taught, for instance, that, on the whole, single life is apt to be less worldly than married. Are all men therefore safer as celibates? The utter abstinence from all recreation is the furthest step "from the edge of the precipice" of dissipation, that can be taken. We can fancy none more mistaken, and few more perilous.

We are glad, after this, to quote a letter from Captain Hammond, which appears to be as reasonable as it is pious:—

"I hardly know how to answer your question about *shooting*. With regard to those things that are not particularly mentioned in the Bible, we must be guided by the general rules and commands laid down in Scripture; and in determining what is, and is not lawful,

each one must be guided by the measure of light which God has given him. The general rule is plain. 'Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world;' 'be not conformed to this world,' and 'do all things to the glory of God.' By this standard we must judge all things, and be judged by it in all our occupations, and pursuits.

"I agree with you, as a general rule, in thinking that what is not right for a clergyman cannot be any more so for a layman; but I think there are many exceptions to this rule. For instance, I cannot conceive there being any thing actually wrong in an individual fishing or shooting. At the same time, I think such entirely worldly pursuits are unbecoming the character and duties of one who is set over souls. The same may be said of many things. Our great object in life is to glorify our Father who is in heaven, and to seek to please Him in all things, and to devote all we possess to His service. Whatever hinders us in doing these things ought certainly to be given up. I feel ill able to advise, but would say to you, if you are in doubt about any thing, ask of God to guide your judgment, and incline your will to that course which He approves. Whatever appears right (God's word being the test), do not hesitate to engage in it. If, on the contrary, there is any doubt, give it up at once. God will guide you aright, if you lean upon Him. See the promise, Phil. iv., 6, 7."

We cannot help thinking that the usefulness and attraction of these works are often lessened by their being written in too controversial a spirit, and with too much of an appeal *ad verecundiam* on topics which are fiercely disputed. Here, our biographers argue, was a holy man who held a particular view of a certain question; therefore, that view is true. We must humbly protest against these clumsy and broken syllogisms, quite irrespective of the material truth or falsity of their conclusions. Truth can never be really helped by such weak attempts. She can only get a fall by leaning upon rotten crutches. Most objectionable of all is the practice of aiming a shaft at a living divine, through the publication of private letters and diaries. It is a cowardly and irreverent mode of smiting a living man on the face with the weight of a dead hand. Thus the Life of Adelaide Newton is made the vehicle of a most cruel attack upon Mr. Melville. The result of these attempts to cram individual opinions down our throats, on such questions as ecclesiastical polity or prophetic interpretation, can only be inextricable con-

fusion. For instance, Suckling and Simeon held one opinion on certain controverted matters; Hammond and Vicars held another. It is impossible for us to ascertain which of these men was the holiest. We hold no scales fine enough to ascertain on which side the balance leans. The appeal must lie to the infallible word, not to fallible individual opinion. Sober reason must, therefore, disapprove of the constant claims to direct heavenly inspiration on the *intellectual* side of disputed questions in dogmatic theology. In the least pleasing chapter of a most pleasing book we are told that the clearness of Captain Hammond's views of controversy arose "from his learning his first lessons directly from the Scriptures, *unbiased by any ecclesiastical system.*" But we have only to turn a few pages back to find that Captain Hammond's views were, in truth, most strongly tinged by the colors of another mind. Thus writes the wife of an officer, who was the instrument of Hammond's conversion:—

"In the course of conversation the text was quoted, 'He that saveth a soul from death shall hide a multitude of sins.' The two young gentlemen seemed quite astonished, when A. alluded to the idea of 'hiding sins,' meaning our own sins being passed over, as not correct; also, that 'Charity covereth a multitude of sins,' did not mean, that our own sins should be forgiven if we were charitable. Mr. Hammond looked up, with his open, noble countenance, all wonder and inquiry: 'Well, doesn't it mean that?' A explained what is evidently the correct meaning."

It is pretty evident that A. was the "ecclesiastical system" here.

There are many good men whose opinion on points of experimental religion is most valuable, but whose utterances on theoretical divinity are worth nothing, simply because they are utterly deficient in the conditions necessary for forming an intellectual judgment on such matters. As to all that is practically right, they walk forward with an instinct which puts to shame the disputers of this world; but when they leave the simplicity of their faith, and seek to decompose and analyze intellectually that which they have received spiritually, they lose their vantage ground. They reason, *a priori*, on the attributes of God, when it is evident that they are ignorant of the first elements of the science of the human mind. They discuss

moral principles without the most elementary knowledge of the fundamental terms of morality. They rush into delicate critical investigations, utterly despising the language in which the New Testament is written; and, with Cruden's concordance, and Scott and Henry, think themselves more than a match for Blunt or Mill. They read Dr. Cumming on the Apocalypse, and suppose that they have mastered vast and intricate systems of error. They attack opinions which no one holds, and refute heresies which no one maintains. They leave the holy circle of prayer and spiritual meditation, and expatiate in the more secular region of the grammarian, the critic, the scholar, the scientific theologian, to the amusement of those who possess knowledge without love, and to the pain of those who respect holiness, but cannot be quite blind to absurdity. Why will not the editors of religious biographies understand this? Why will they inflict upon us maunderings upon types which are not really typical, and commentaries upon texts of which the pious writers have no real comprehension? In the case, indeed, of men who really know, of whatever shade of opinion, it is quite different. No one will complain that we have too many of Chalmers' *Horæ Sabbaticæ*, or of Robert Hall's *Sermons*; that we have too much of Scholefield's *Criticisms*, or of Simeon's *Remarks upon Doctrine*. These were men powerful as well as holy, and who had at least thought long and maturely. But when we are told a young ensign's opinions upon the doctrinal portion of the seventeenth article, or a young lady's view of the vision of Ezekiel, we are provoked at the absurdity. We utterly disclaim the imputation of irreverence. Show us that young soldier upon his knees—that girl, seeking in her Bible for strength in her daily life—and with hushed lips, in awe-struck silence, we adore the grace of God; but remove them from their proper sphere, set them masquerading in bishops' apron and preachers' gown, and we can scarcely refrain from a smile.

The religious biographer, then, should consider the character and capacity of his hero or heroine, and only give us lengthened extracts on *doctrinal* points, where he has reason to suppose that they are worth reading. Some admirable controversial fragments we owe to memoirs. We do not think that the whole essence of Romanism and Romanizing

has ever been more originally or powerfully traced out to its origin than in some letters of Mr. Suckling.

"To my mind his views are the key to Romanism—the rock upon which so many have suffered shipwreck. If the cross is to be the *one* point which should attract us, of what use is the ascension and session at the right hand of God? Is not the burden of apostolic preaching 'Jesus and the Resurrection.' I do not remember that they dwell at all upon, or point their hearers to, the cross (solely), but tell them that he is exalted as a Prince and Saviour to give repentance.* I am, indeed, to look to the cross, and to derive from it the deepest comfort, and fullest assurance that He there bore the punishment due to me; and the feeling I derive from thence is that of mournful satisfaction. But I am bid to look beyond, to behold Him carrying His own blood into the holiest of all, appearing in heaven for me. There I have an advocate, not on the cross, but in heaven. There I behold Him with the eye of faith, and, beholding Him, am filled with wonder, love, joy, and peace, which passeth understanding. All this Romanism keeps back from us by stopping us short at the cross. The mind, indeed, that is weighed down by the burden of sin looks only to the cross; but when the assurance reaches our hearts that all is pardoned, and we accepted in the beloved, then we behold Him leaving that cross and becoming an advocate with the Father, and receive of Him that gift of the spirit whereby we may joy in Him, and do works acceptable in His sight.

"We are, by the providence of God, thrown in dangerous and painful times; therefore, perhaps, I may have spoken too cautiously. But I cannot conceal from myself that there is a great and increasing tendency to Romanism; and I fear any advances, however small, as being the more dangerous and subtle. I think there are wide and important differences between us; and that mainly and principally arising from their and our view of justification. This view must necessarily run through their devotional books, and may, therefore, be secretly imbibed by us; and if once embraced, I do not see that such a person is safe. His affections are, in a manner,

* This striking thought wants some qualification. "Christ and that crucified," was the Apostle's great theme to the Corinthians. Compare Galat. iii. But the *Christianity* of Rome (apart from its *superstition*) does seem to dwell upon the dead rather than upon the living Christ. Hence the peculiar tone of so many Roman Catholic devotions. Hence also a piety, in its best specimens, rather gloomy and austere than gentle and happy. We had never seen Mr. Suckling's thought elsewhere, until we recently found that M. Adolphe Monod had also given expression to it.

centered on that church, and he is ready, on any occasion which he considers of sufficient importance to justify such a step, to join the Church of Rome. On this ground alone I can account for the secessions that have already taken place, and that probably will take place. Get clear views of the doctrine of justification, as taught by our church, and then, perhaps, you may use the devotional books without danger. Study St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans with prayer.

"Regarding the *times*, must we not hang up our harps and weep for the sad things which are happening? How are they to be remedied? Easily asked, but not so easily answered. Lopping off branches will not do, nor attacks upon the fruit they bear; these but annoy and harden—never convince. At the root the evil lies. Make that good and the fruit will no longer be corrupt. But of the error of doctrine, what is the root? There lies the matter. In my humble opinion, it is the doctrine of justification. Get Mr. — rightly to apprehend that, to receive it, and he will be an ornament to the church, not a troubler of our peace; and so with all others.

"With our united kind remembrances to your family, believe me yours, in our Blessed Lord,
R. A. SUCKLING."

We are of opinion that the great mass of colorless quotations from diaries and journals introduced into religious biographies might be abridged or eliminated with advantage. Indeed, we question whether it is *quite* right to publish to the world those breathings of love which are supposed to speak at once of misery and aspirations to Him that heareth in secret. And we cannot but approve of the stern determination which has withheld any extracts from the journals of Mr. Suckling, the loveliest soul surely which earth has held since Leighton's left its tabernacle! We doubt whether all this psychologizing is of good. The masculine good sense of our pious forefathers seems to have restricted writing on one's inner life to certain solemn seasons, and then chiefly to the statement of definite *faults*. Such documents, too, were generally committed to the flames after a time. We much fear that a new and subtle form of spiritual pride is creeping into the church. Few people of any religious profession are safe from the risk of being immortalized in a life. Is there no such thing as sitting down, with the pen pointed half to Heaven and half to the public—as interrupting a sigh to round it into a period? There is something sad in such a thought. It

may be over refined. We can only say, that we seem to ourselves to have detected it in some quarters; to have read passages that were evidently penned for effect, and meant for publication. At all events, biographers need not create this new form of spiritual disease if it does not exist.

We extract a few sentences from the autobiography of Edmund Bohun, as a specimen of the religious diary of older English Christians. It will be seen that it takes two lines, either plain confession of certain sins, or objective meditation on fundamental points of belief. We are more anxious to quote from this very beautiful book, as it is not accessible to the public; and we hope to return to it at another season.

"Now that I am preparing myself for this most holy mystery, I ought to examine myself on these four points. And first, I do indeed think with grief of my past life, especially when I call to mind how ill I have behaved in the things pertaining to my God; nor have I acted well towards my neighbors, much less towards myself. But when I contemplate my purpose with respect to my future life, I tremble still more; for how can I, who have so often vowed and not performed, promise better fruit to God or myself. Strengthen my frailty and weakness, O Jesus. Thou art the Conqueror. Thou art my strength, and the rock of my salvation. But even my faith is very weak, it is driven hither and thither by temptations. It lives ready to die, and will perish unless Thou who art its author, sustain it. To thee, then, O Jesus, I give the most hearty thanks, that with so great love thou hast redeemed miserable me by thy blood. Without that blood I know and believe that I should have perished—redeemed by it I hope to possess eternal life, and to be sanctified in this life. With mankind, indeed, I desire to lead a peaceable life, but am not able to maintain it. Some oppress, others provoke, others injure, others harass me; and I, impatient, inclined to anger, blunt, oppose too stiffly, and unwillingly give way. So the hater of man cherishes the seeds of discord, provokes the restless, that by them he may overcome the peaceable. Spare those, O Lord, who ignorantly yield themselves to him. Spare miserable me, and make me patiently to bear injury, and not to inflict it. Especially, I most humbly beseech thee, to regard my oldest friend. I lost him, indeed, when I least looked for it. Pardon both him and me. Whatever he does amiss, who is properly called thy servant, gives a stumbling block to the weak, and causes dishonor to thy church,

O Jesus. Spare those who hate me from envy, or, at the instigation of others, who persecute me for justice and truth's sake. *Εν τῇ ἐπομονῇ τῶν κτήσασθε τὰς ψυχὰς τῶν.* So our Saviour admonished, so comforts his disciples, and guarded them against those dreadful calamities which He had foretold. He who has lost his soul has nothing, he who possesses this has lost nothing. But I, by my inability to bear injuries, have destroyed my peace of mind, and exposed my soul to the greatest possible danger; and yet I have not been tempted beyond the common lot of men. Pardon, O Lord, the infirmity of thy servant, and strengthen me by thy Spirit, that for the future I may not be irritated by trials, but bear manfully with Christian patience and faith what thou hast permitted to befall me."

"Easter Eve Meditation—There is nothing of greater truth, nor harder to be believed, than that I and every man had a hand in the death of my Saviour. Why, I was not born. I abhor the malice and obstinacy, the clamor and rudeness of his accusers, the base compliance of Pilate, who so feared the people and his cruel master as with one breath to pronounce him innocent and condemn him to the worst of deaths. Well, but what is all this to me? I hate all this as heartily as may be, and had I been there I should never have consented to those deeds of theirs. Now, O my soul, dost thou expect any benefit from this sacrifice? Were thy sins atoned for then? Did Christ die for thee? Was his blood shed for thee? Then wert thou an agent there, for thy sins are not of the least size, neither few nor small. God then laid upon him the sins of all mankind, not only their sins who fled and who denied him, nor theirs who accused him, who judged him, nor theirs only who spat upon him, crowned him with thorns, clothed him in double scarlet, first that of his blood, then that of the robe; who drove him to Calvary, and there nailed him to the cross, hand and foot, and then went to lots; nor theirs only who called him an imposter in his grave;—it was not their sins alone, but the sins of all mankind, from the forbidden fruit to the last trump, that God then and there laid upon him; and amongst them all, mine. O, woe to me if my sins be atoned for, then is the reckoning made and discharged; and then have I had my share in his pangs. If it be not, woe to me. But I believe I shall, by God's mercy, have my share in the benefit, and, therefore, I will not deny but I had it too in the afflicting of him. And now, O my God, I would fain put a stop to those that are past, by repentance; to those that may follow, by new resolutions. And I would fain offer some sacrifice, too, by way of gratitude. But when I betake myself to the

one, what a poor return, what hardness, what blindness, how dead and heartless. Here I am, all lump and leaven, too. And as for any sacrifice, poor and polluted I am, I have nothing to give; and if I had, I have no reason to think it would be accepted from me, me who—O God, behold my confusion and pity me. Accept that sacrifice for me, and by the virtue of it, grant that I may heartily bewail what is past, and beware for the time to come, that I make no additions to His passion, or my own too great impieties. O Lord, bless my private prayers, and discover to me what it is that has made them so ineffectual to me. Above all things, give me not over to myself. Show me mercy, and not only to me, but especially to my poor wife, whose cares and provocations are many, and to my poor children, whose mercies my sins may have interrupted or diverted. O Lord, I beg the liberty of one petition more. Deliver me from those fearful base thoughts that do often afflict, affright, and disquiet me. I humble myself before thee, preserve me from consenting to them or any other temptation. Hear, hear me, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen. Amen. Amen.

"April the ninth, being Easter day, I received the sacrament at the hand of Mr. Dawson. God enable me to live accordingly.

"When I lived in the country I was much subject to melancholy, but then I spent much time in prayer. In the city, company diverts my melancholy, but makes me much less careful of my devotions. ²Our worldly cares were more numerous, and yet, perhaps, not greater. ³Living in London, without any employment, I have lived without envy from men, so that I have had none of the temptations to anger and revenge which I was subject to. ⁴Spending much of my time in company, I have been more subject to vain glory, over much freedom in discourse, and sometimes to adding circumstances to stories, to make them more acceptable to others, which is a breach of that exact veracity that becomes a Christian. ⁵Observing more nearly the great advantages of wealth and power, I have been more subject to envy the prosperity of others, and especially of ill men, and consequently to murmur against the divine providence, in that I am too low and poor. ⁶I have suffered, also, some inconveniences from company in excess, &c., but not often. ⁷When I lived in the country I had better conveniences for retirement and devotion than in London. I have lived in small houses, so that I had not conveniences for my private devotions, though I might have performed them much better than I have done. ⁸As the air and streets of London do foul the body and dusty the clothes, above all others, so there is the greatest corruption of the soul, too, if the

greatest cure be not taken; and that not only from the contagion of ill men, &c., but also from the great number of diversions which take men off from God; outward things, news, prate, &c., amusing the mind, and stealing away the thoughts. ¹⁰In every change of life there is a danger and great hazard. I was sensible of this, as to my temporal concerns, but as to my soul and morals I had no fear upon me; but the temptations I met with were new, and prevailed more upon me for want of experience, and so gained strength by my inadvertence, diversion, and other thoughts; and now, O Lord, holy and just how shall I appear before Thee? Thou hadst placed me in a low and safe station. I affected magistracy and obtained it; but, alas it proved hurtful to myself and my poor family. Thou hadst placed me in the safe and innocent retirement of a country life. Flattering hopes of preferment, ease, and peace drove me from it. I have here also met the same disappointments. My cares and sorrows are rather changed than extinguished, and my sins only are increased. For I have lived with less care to please and serve Thee, with more liberty, and less innocence. And now, O Lord, what shall I say? Have mercy on me. My own choices are foolish, my hopes vain. Make me contented in my station. Pardon my sins, which are many, for Jesus Christ, his sake.

"April 4th, I received the holy communion in the parish church of Westall, where I had the blessed satisfaction of seeing threescore of that parish receive at one time."—Autobiography of Edmund Bohun, pp. 54, 58, 72.

Mere commonplace letters of condolence or affection are heavy and tiresome. Those only should be retained which contain neither *nova* or *nove dicta*, or are connected with associations which give them peculiar interest. How precious, how beautiful, how tender, and manly, and Christian, is the last letter of Maximilian Hammond! It sounds like the note of an angel's golden harp, over the bugles sounding for the Redan:—

"I am not going to write a long letter, because I have already posted one for you, and I am rather tired this evening, through the excitement of the scenes around me; the sights and sounds which have taken the place of what we used only to read of. Long before this reaches you, you will, probably, have heard of another attack on the Redan, Malakoff, or both. Who shall say whether it will be attended with success or failure? But the Lord reigneth, and to Him only can the soul turn, in looking to the unknown future. A very heavy bombardment has been going on for the last three days, without intermission;

a heavier fire than has hitherto taken place. There is no manner of doubt that something great is to take place immediately. In fact, we were told so on parade, this evening, by General C. Two days' rations have been issued to the Second and Light Divisions, and it is expected that we shall all move down to the trenches to-morrow morning. At all events it is to be hoped that this time they will not repeat the blunders of the 18th, and that we shall not attack till the French have stormed the Malakoff. I have not yet been down to the trenches, so that my inauguration will, probably, be a serious one. But I can calmly leave the event in the hands of a Saviour God. Come life, or come death, my only hope is in the blood that cleanseth from all sin. My heart sometimes sinks, when I think of those at home. But He is faithful who has said, "When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee," and He *will* be with thee, even to the end of the world. One does not realize the curse of war till one comes in contact with it. The order for the attack has just come out. Thankful I am you cannot know it, dearest, beforehand. F—, with 100 men, form the covering party to the whole. The remainder of our battalion form part of the reserve, and follow up the attack. The Lord Jesus be with you.

"P. S.—Sept. 8th, 6.30 a.m.—I have had a peaceful time for prayer, and have committed the keeping of my soul and body to my Lord and God, and have commended to His grace and care my wife and child, my parents, brothers, and sisters, and all dear to me. Come what will, all is well. This day will be a memorable one. Farewell once more. Psalms xci., 15, is my text for to-day, especially the words, 'I will be with him in trouble.'"—Memoir of Captain Hammond, p. 335.

How inexpressibly lovely, again, is this letter of Mr. Suckling, to a lady whose mother had just recovered from a dangerous illness:—

"Bassage, April 16, 1850.

"MY DEAR —, —Your sorrow is turned into joy, by the wonderfully improved state of your dear mother's health, and in this I joy with you. It is a mark of God's especial favor and love, when He brings any so near to death, and raises them up again; the more so, if they are aged. Their sun is well-nigh set; and while we look for it peacefully to glide down behind the everlasting mountains, shedding a peaceful light on all around, lo! it stands still!—the light of another day is given. But why? that we may be avenged on our spiritual enemies. 'There was no day

like that before it,' and this last day, this renewed life is given back—a day much to be remembered to the Lord, to be more entirely consecrated to His service. She has been brought to the edge of the valley of the shadow of death, and you into the vale of tears. You both are brought back again to the wilderness, to be tried again; and who can tell which of you shall now step into the waters first? O —, as she stood on the borders of eternity, may she have seen somewhat of that goodly land beyond the Jordan! may she have felt, that by no power of her own could she cross its foaming flood, but only by the power of Jesus, whose voice can make a calm for the ransomed to pass over. O blessed thought, that He will never leave, nor forsake those who cling to Him, feeling their need of His righteous to stand clothed in, before the eternal Father! In such hours the love of the Son of God comes on us with almost overwhelming fulness. Lord, what is man? Truly a thing of nought, a despised broken vessel. But Thou didst take the Lamb from Thine own bosom, which Thou hadst nourished there from all eternity, and slay Him for the wayfaring man, whom Thou foundest wounded and bleeding by the roadside. May such thoughts be sweeter now to your mother than ever! Did her eyes pierce somewhat through that dark valley, and see aught of the King in His beauty? Has she brought back somewhat of the fragrance of that country, as she stood so near to Eschol? If so, beware lest aught you do or say bring her back again to things below. And you all, my sisters in the Lord, what did you find in this vale of tears? Was it only to you the place of Bochim, or were the pools filled with water from above? You have desired to know more of the love of Christ. He has no other way of teaching it than that by which He learned Himself—*suffering*. Love is the gift of God. 'O Lord, my God, do Thou Thy holy will.' See Romans, v. 3, 5. Yours in our common Lord, R. A. S."—Williams' Memoir of Suckling, p. 107.

In concluding this portion of our subject, we would venture to observe, that mistaken views of the standard which it is possible or desirable to aim at in the daily intercourse of life, appear to be taught in many biographies. For one Havelock, there might, probably, be a dozen very particular young Baptist officers, who would teach a narrow sectarianism, without the genuine spirit of Christianity which underlay his form of profession. Few indeed can be the exact imitators of Vicars or Hammond. Not many have the courage or the

perseverance. Many would consider so ostensible a profession rather unbecoming. There are others to whom it might actually be dangerous; for the strings of the passive emotions cannot be touched too often without being jarred, or ceasing to respond; and a constant manifestation of religious feeling would end in coldness or revulsion. It is easy to mistake eccentricity for holiness, and obstinacy for decision. There are enough of trials incident to a Christian course, without others of our own seeking. Nor let it be said that we are speaking coldly of those bright witnesses. It was *natural* to their renewed spirits to act as they did. "His word was in their heart as a burning fire; they were weary with forbearing, and could not stay." Let others be careful, lest in imitating the pattern, they break the mould.

Though the space which remains to us is but limited, the spirit in which we have written might be liable to painful misapprehension, if we did not allude to the benefits and excellencies of this kind of literature. These instances are like the fingers of a man underlining the Scriptures for us. They show in the most lively colors, as in a picture, the necessity of a change of life, and heart, and motives, and character. We have not hesitated to exhibit what appear to us to be defects, especially prevalent in memoirs of the evangelical school; yet they have one glory in a preëminent degree. The High Church, and also, strange to say, the Broad Church

biographies, are nearly confined to clergymen, so far as we know: the Evangelical are varied; they ramify into every profession, and prove the possibility of serving Christ in every station of life.

But the contemplation of such a subject lifts the mind from the narrowness of a sect to the width of the universal church. It teaches us the richness and variety of grace, the diversity of colors into which the light is refracted from different minds. The characters of the apostles were unlike. The foundations of the wall of the city have all manner of precious stones. The jasper is not there alone, with its monotonous effulgence, nor the sapphire, with an unbroken blue; but the tints are intermingled, and their unity is not uniformity. In these biographies we see the exuberance of grace. It is beautiful in men of different schools, pursuits, and temperaments—in Chalmers, the philosopher and preacher—in Kitto, the laborious student—in Armstrong, called from his parish and penitentiary to a colonial episcopate—in Parry, the brave old admiral, carrying his honest hatred of a scene to his deathbed—in Suckling, lavishing his labor of love upon the outcast Magdalene;—but most affectingly do we own its beauty where the biographer carries us to the camp before Sebastopol. Our hearts echo the words, *I am quite ready*. We feel that the cross over the grave of Maximilian Hammond is no unmeaning emblem.

NECESSITY OF SPEAKING IN A TONGUE UNDERSTOOD BY THE PEOPLE.—St. Augustine says, "there is a *diligens negligentia*, an useful negligence, proper in this case to Ecclesiastical teachers, who must sometimes condescend to improprieties of speech, when they cannot speak otherwise to the apprehensions of the vulgar. As he notes that they were used to say *ossum* instead of *os*, to distinguish a mouth from a bone in Africa, to comply with the understanding of their hearers. And for this reason, I doubt not, there are so many Africanisms, or idioms of the African tongue, in St. Austin, because he thought it more commendable some-

times to deviate a little from the strict grammatical purity and propriety of the Latin tongue, than not to be understood by his hearers."—*Bingham*.

DR. MARTIN AND DR. LUTHER.—I have read of two that, meeting at a tavern, fell a tossing their religion about as merrily as their cups, and much drunken discourse was of their profession. One protested himself of Dr. Martin's religion, and the other swore he was of Dr. Luther's religion, whereas Martin and Luther was one man. —*Adams' Divine Herbal*.

CHAPTER THE SIXTH.*

"ALL night Madame de Créquy raved in delirium. If I could I would have sent for Clément back again. I did send off one man, but I suppose my directions were confused, or they were wrong, for he came back after my lord's return, on the following afternoon. By this time Madame de Créquy was quieter; she was, indeed, asleep from exhaustion when Lord Ludlow and Monkshaven came in. They were in high spirits, and their hopefulness brought me round to a less dispirited state. All had gone well; they had accompanied Clément on foot along the shore, until they had met with a lugger, which my lord had hailed in good nautical language. The captain had responded to these freemason terms by sending a boat to pick up his passenger, and by an invitation to breakfast sent through a speaking-trumpet. Monkshaven did not approve of either the meal or the company, and had returned to the inn, but my lord had gone with Clément, and breakfasted on board, on grog, biscuit, fresh-caught fish—the best breakfast he ever ate,' he said, but that was probably owing to the appetite his night's ride had given him. However, his good fellowship had evidently won the captain's heart, and Clément had set sail under the best auspices. It was agreed that I should tell all this to Madame de Créquy, if she enquired; otherwise it would be wiser not to renew her agitation by alluding to her son's journey.

"I sate with her constantly for many days; but she never spoke of Clément. She forced herself to talk of the little occurrences of Parisian society in former days; she tried to be conversational and agreeable, and to betray no anxiety or even interest in the object of Clément's journey; and, as far as unremitting efforts could go, she succeeded. But the tones of her voice were sharp and yet piteous, as if she were in constant pain; and the glance of her eye hurried and fearful, as if she dared not let it rest on any object.

"In a week we heard of Clément's safe arrival on the French coast. He sent a letter to this effect by the captain of the smuggler, when the latter returned. We hoped to hear again; but week after week elapsed, and there was no news of Clément. I had told Lord Ludlow, in Madame de Créquy's pres-

ence, as he and I had arranged, of the note I had received from her son informing us of his landing in France. She heard, but she took no notice. Yet now, evidently, she began to wonder that we did not mention any further intelligence of him in the same manner before her; and daily I began to fear that her pride would give way, and that she would supplicate for news before I had any to give her.

"One morning, on my awakening, my maid told me that Madame de Créquy had passed a wretched night, and had bidden Medicott (whom as understanding French and speaking it pretty well, though with that horrid German accent, I had put about her) request that I would go to madame's room as soon as I was dressed.

"I knew what was coming and I trembled all the time they were doing my hair, and otherwise arranging me. I was not encouraged by my lord's speeches. He had heard the message, and kept declaring that he would rather be shot than have to tell her that there was no news of her son; and yet he said every now and then, when I was at the lowest pitch of uneasiness, that he never expected to hear again: that some day soon we should see him walking in, and introducing Mademoiselle de Créquy to us.

"However at last I was ready, and go I must.

"Her eyes were fixed on the door by which I entered. I went up to the bedside. She was not rouged,—she had left it off now several days,—she no longer attempted to keep up the vain show of not feeling, and loving, and fearing.

"For a moment or two she did not speak, and I was glad of the respite.

"'Clément?' she said at length, covering her mouth with her handkerchief the minute she had spoken, that I might not see it quiver.

"'There has been no news since the first letter, saying how well the voyage was performed, and how safely he had landed,—near Dieppe, you know,' I replied as cheerfully as possible. 'My lord does not expect that we shall have another letter; he thinks that we shall see him soon.'

"There was no answer. As I looked, uncertain whether to do or say more, she slowly turned herself in bed, and lay with her face

* This chapter was omitted in course on account of the loss of the original copy.

to the wall; and as if that did not shut out the light of day, and the busy, happy world enough, she put out her trembling hands and covered her face with her handkerchief. There was no violence: hardly any sound.

"I told her what my lord had said about Clément's coming in some day, and taking us all by surprise. I did not believe it myself,—but it was just possible,—and I had nothing else to say. Pity, to one who was striving so hard to conceal her feelings, would have been impertinent. She let me talk; but she did not reply. She knew that my words were vain and idle, and had no root in my belief, as well as I did myself.

"I was very thankful when Medlicott came in with Madame's breakfast, and gave me an excuse for leaving.

"But I think that conversation made me feel more anxious and impatient than ever. I felt almost pledged to Madame de Créquy for the fulfillment of the vision I had held out. She had entirely taken to her bed by this time, not from illness, but because she had no hope within her to stir her up to the effort of dressing. In the same way she hardly cared for food. She had no appetite,—why eat to prolong a life of despair? But she let Medlicott feed her, sooner than take the trouble of resisting.

"And so it went on,—for weeks, months,—I could hardly count the time, it seemed so long. Medlicott told me she noticed a preternatural sensitiveness of ear in Madame de Créquy, induced by the habit of listening silently for the slightest unusual sound in the house. Medlicott was always a minute watcher of any one who she cared about; and, one day, she made me notice by a sign Madame's acuteness of hearing, although the quick expectation was but evinced for a moment in the turn of the eye, the hushed breath; and then, when the unusual footstep turned into my lord's apartments, the soft quivering sigh, and the closed eyelids.

"At length the intendant of the De Créquy estates,—the old man, you will remember, whose information respecting Virginie de Créquy first gave Clément the desire to return to Paris,—came to St. James's Square, and begged to speak to me. I made haste to go down to him in the housekeeper's room, sooner than that he should be ushered into mine, for fear of madame hearing any sound.

"The old man stood—I see him now—with his hat held before him in both his hands, he slowly bowed till his face touched it when I came in. Such long excess of courtesy augured ill. He waited for me to speak.

"‘Have you any intelligence?’ I enquired. He had been often to the house before, to ask if we had received any news; and once or twice I had seen him, but this was the first time he had begged to see me.

"‘Yes, madame,’ he replied, still standing with his head bent down like a child in disgrace.

"‘And it is bad!’ I exclaimed.

"‘It is bad.’ For a moment I was angry at the cold tone in which my words were echoed; but directly afterwards I saw the large, slow, heavy tears of old age falling down the old man's cheeks, and on to the sleeves of his poor, thread-bare coat.

"I asked him how he had heard it; it seemed as though I could not all at once bear to hear what it was. He told me that the night before, in crossing Long Acre, he had stumbled upon an old acquaintance of his; one who, like himself, had been a dependent upon the De Créquy family, but had managed their Paris affairs, while Fléchier had taken charge of their estates in the country. Both were now emigrants, and living on the proceeds of such small available talents as they possessed. Fléchier, as I knew, earned a very fair livelihood by going about to dress salads for dinner parties. His compatriot, Le Févre, had begun to give a few lessons as a dancing master. One of them took the other home to his lodgings; and there, when their most immediate personal adventures had been hastily talked over, came the enquiry from Fléchier as to Monsieur de Créquy.

"Clément was dead, guillotined. Virginie was dead, guillotined.

"When Fléchier had told me thus much, he could not speak for sobbing; and I, myself, could hardly tell how to restrain my tears sufficiently, until I could go to my own room and be at liberty to give way. He asked my leave to bring in his friend, Le Févre, who was walking in the square, awaiting a possible summons to tell his story: I heard afterwards a good many details which filled up the account, and made me feel—which brings me back to the point I started from—how unfit the lower orders are for being trusted indis-

criminally with the dangerous powers of education. I have made a long preamble, but now I am coming to the moral of my story."

My lady was trying to shake off the emotion which she evidently felt in recurring to this sad history of Monsieur de Créquy's death. She came behind me and arranged my pillows, and then, seeing I had been crying—for indeed I was weak-spirited at the time, and a little served to unloose my tears—she stooped down, and kissed my forehead, and said "Poor child!" almost as if she thanked me for feeling that old grief of hers.

"Being once in France, it was no difficult thing for Clément to get into Paris. The difficulty in those days was to leave, not to enter Paris. He came in dressed as a Norman peasant, in charge of a load of fruit and vegetables, with which one of the Siene barges was freighted. He worked hard with his companions in landing and arranging their produce on the quays; and then, when they dispersed to get their breakfasts at some of the estaminets near the old Marché aux Fleurs, he sauntered up a street which conducted him by many an odd turn through the Quartier Latin to a horrid back alley leading out of the Rue l'Ecole de Médecine; some atrocious place, as I have heard, not far from the shadow of that terrible Abbaye, where so many of the best blood of France, awaited their deaths. But here, some old man lived on whose fidelity Clément thought that he might rely. I am not sure if he had not been gardener in those very gardens behind the Hôtel Créquy where Clément and Urian used to play together years before. But, whatever the old man's dwelling might be, Clément was only too glad to reach it you may be sure. He had been kept in Normandy in all sorts of disguises for many days after landing in Dieppe, by the difficulty of entering Paris unsuspected by the many ruffians who were always on the look-out for aristocrats.

"The old gardener was, I believe, both faithful and tried, and sheltered Clément in his garret as well as might be. Before he could stir out it was necessary to procure a fresh disguise, and one more in character with an inhabitant of Paris than that of a Norman carter was procured; and, after waiting in-doors for one or two days, to see if any suspicion was excited, Clément set off to discover Virginie.

"He found her at the old concierge's dwelling. Madame Babette was the name of this woman, who must have been a less faithful—or rather, perhaps, I should say a more interested—friend to her guest than the old gardener Jacques was to Clément.

"I have seen a miniature of Virginie which a French lady of quality happened to have in her possession at the time of her flight from Paris, and which she brought with her to England unwittingly; for it belonged to the Count de Créquy, with whom she was slightly acquainted. I should fancy from it, that Virginie was taller and of a more powerful figure for a woman than her cousin Clément was for a man. Her dark brown hair was arranged in short curls—the way of dressing the hair announced the politics of the individual, in those days, just as patches did in my grandmother's time; and Virginie's hair was not to my taste, or according to my principles; it was too classical. Her large, black eyes looked out at you steadily. One cannot judge of the shape of a nose from a full-face miniature, but the nostrils were clearly cut and largely opened. I do not fancy her nose could have been pretty; but her mouth had a character all its own, and which would, I think, have redeemed a plainer face. It was wide and deep set into the cheeks at the corners; the upper lip was very much arched, and hardly closed over the teeth; so that the whole face looked (from the serious, intent, look in the eyes, and the sweet intelligence of the mouth) as if she were listening eagerly to something to which her answer was quite ready, and would come out of those red, opening lips as soon as ever you had done speaking, and you longed to know what she would say.

"Well; this Virginie de Créquy was living with Madame Babette in the conciergerie of an old French inn somewhere to the north of Paris; so, far enough from Clément's refuge. The inn had been frequented by farmers from Brittany and such kind of people in the days when that sort of intercourse went on between Paris and the provinces which had nearly stopped now. Few Bretons came near it now, and the inn had fallen into the hands of Madame Babette's brother, as payment for a bad wine debt of the last proprietor. He put his sister and her child in to keep it open as it were, and sent all the people he could to occupy the half-furnished rooms of the house.

They paid Babette for their night's lodging every morning as they went out to breakfast, and returned or not as they chose, at night. Every three days the wine merchant or his son came to Madame Babette, and she accounted to them for the money she had received. She and her child occupied the porter's office (in which the lad slept at nights) and a little, miserable bedroom which opened out of it, and received all the light and air that was admitted through the door of communication, which was half glass. Madame Babette must have had a kind of attachment for the De Créquys—her De Créquys, you understand: Virginie's father, the Count—for, at some risk to herself, she had warned both him and his daughter of the danger impending over them. But he, infatuated, would not believe that his dear Human Race could ever do him harm; and, as long as he did not fear, Virginie was not afraid. It was by some ruse, the nature of which I never heard, that Madame Babette induced Virginie to come to her abode in the very hour in which the Count had been recognised in the streets, and hurried off to the Lanterne. It was after Babette had got her there, safe shut up in the little back den, that she told her what had befallen her father. From that day, Virginie had never stirred out of the gates, or crossed the threshold of the porter's lodge. I do not say that Madame Babette was tired of her continual presence, or regretted the impulse which had made her rush to the De Créquy's well-known house—after being compelled to form one of the mad crowds that saw the Count de Créquy seized and hung—and hurry his daughter out, through alleys and backways, until at length she had the orphan safe in her own dark sleeping-room, and could tell her tale of horror; but Madame Babette was poorly paid for her porter's work by her avaricious brother; and it was hard enough to find food for herself and her growing boy; and, though the poor girl ate little enough, I dare say, yet there seemed no end to the burthen that Madame Babette had imposed upon herself: the De Créquys were plundered, ruined, had become an extinct race, all but a lonely, friendless girl, in broken health and spirits; and, though she lent no positive encouragement to his suit, yet, at the time when Clément reappeared in Paris, Madame Babette was beginning to think that Virginie might do worse than encourage the attentions of Monsieur

Morin fils, her nephew, and the wine-merchant's son. Of course he and his father had the entrée into the conciergerie of the hotel that belonged to them, in right of being both proprietors and relations. The son, Morin, had seen Virginie in this manner. He was fully aware that she was far above him in rank, and guessed from her whole aspect that she had lost her natural protectors by the terrible guillotine; but he did not know her exact name or station, nor could he persuade his aunt to tell him. However, he fell head over ears in love with her, whether she were princess or peasant; and, though at first there was something about her which made his passionate love conceal itself with shy, awkward reserve; and then, made it only appear in the guise of deep, respectful devotion; yet, by and bye, I suppose—by the same process of reasoning that his aunt had gone through even before him—Jean Morin began to let Hope oust Despair from his heart. Sometimes he thought—perhaps years hence—that solitary, friendless lady, pent up in squalor, might turn to him as a friend and comforter—and then—and then——. Meanwhile Jean Morin was most attentive to his aunt; whom he had rather slighted before. He would linger over the accounts; would bring her little presents; and, above all, he made a pet and favorite of Pierre, the little cousin who could tell him about all the ways of going on of Mam'selle Cannes, as Virginie was called. Pierre was thoroughly aware of the drift and cause of his cousin's inquiries; and was his ardent partisan, as I have heard, even before Jean Morin had exactly acknowledged his wishes to himself.

"It must have required some patience and much diplomacy before Clément de Créquy found out the exact place where his cousin was hidden. The old gardener took the cause very much to heart; as, judging from my recollections, I imagine he would have forwarded any fancy, however wild, of Monsieur Clément's. (I will tell you afterwards how I came to know all these particulars so well.)

"After Clément's return on two succeeding days from his dangerous search, without meeting with any good result, Jacques entreated Monsieur de Créquy to let him take it in hand. He represented that he, as gardener for the space of twenty years and more at the Hôtel de Créquy, had a right to be

acquainted with all the successive concierges at the Count's house; that he should not go among them as a stranger, but as an old friend, anxious to renew pleasant intercourse; and that if the Intendant's story, which he had told Monsieur de Créquy in England, was true, that Mademoiselle was in hiding at the house of a former concierge, why, something relating to her would surely drop out in the course of conversation. So he persuaded Clément to remain in-doors, while he set off on his round, with no apparent object but to gossip.

"At night he came home,—having seen Mademoiselle. He told Clément much of the story relating to Madame Babette that I have told to you. Of course he had heard nothing of the ambitious hopes of Morin fils,—hardly of his existence, I should think. Madame Babette had received him kindly; although, for some time, she had kept him standing in the carriage doorway outside her door. But, on his complaining of the draught and his rheumatism, she had asked him in: first looking round with some anxiety, to see who was in the room behind her. No one was there when he entered and sate down. But, in a minute or two, a tall, thin young lady with great, sad eyes, and pale cheeks, came from the inner-room, and, seeing him, retired. 'It is Mademoiselle Cannes,' said Madame Babette, rather unnecessarily; for, if he had not been on the watch for some sign of Mademoiselle de Créquy, he would hardly have noticed the entrance and withdrawal.

"Clément and the good old gardener were always rather perplexed by Madame Babette's evident avoidance of all mention of the De Créquy family. If she were so much interested in one member as to be willing to undergo the pains and penalties of a domiciliary visit, it was strange that she never inquired after the existence of her charge's friends and relations from one who might very probably have heard something of them. They settled that Madame Babette must believe that the Marquise and Clément were dead; and admired her for her reticence in never speaking of Virginie. The truth was, I suspect, that she was so desirous of her nephew's success by this time, that she did not like letting any one into the secret of Virginie's whereabouts who might interfere with their plan. However, it was arranged between Clément

his humble friend that the former, dressed in the peasant's clothes in which he had entered Paris, but smartened up in one or two particulars, as if, although a countryman, he had money to spare, should go and engage a sleeping-room in the old Bréton Inn; where as I told you, accommodation for the night was to be had. This was accordingly done without exciting Madame Babette's suspicions, for she was unacquainted with the Normandy accent, and consequently did not perceive the exaggeration of it which Monsieur de Créquy adopted in order to disguise his pure Parisian. But after he had for two nights slept in a queer, dark closet at the end of one of the numerous short galleries in the Hôtel Duguesclin, and paid his money for such accommodation each morning at the little bureau under the window of the conciergerie, he found himself no nearer to his object. He stood outside in the gateway: Madame Babette opened a pane in her window, counted out the change, gave polite thanks, and shut to the pane with a clack, before he could ever find out what to say that might be the means of opening a conversation. Once in the streets he was in danger from the blood-thirsty mob, who were ready in those days to hunt to death every one who looked like a gentleman as an aristocrat: and Clément, depend upon it, looked a gentleman, whatever dress he wore. Yet it was unwise to traverse Paris to his old friend the gardener's grénier, so he had to loiter about, where I hardly know. Only he did leave the Hôtel Duguesclin, and he did not go to old Jacques, and there was not another house in Paris open to him. At the end of two days he had made out Pierre's existence; and he began to try to make friends with the lad. Pierre was too sharp and shrewd not to suspect something from the confused attempts at friendliness. It was not for nothing that the Norman farmer lounged in the court and door-way, and brought home presents of galette. Pierre accepted the galette, reciprocated the civil speeches, but kept his eyes open. Once returning home pretty late at night, he surprised the Norman studying the shadows on the blind, which was drawn down when Madame Babette's lamp was lighted. On going in he found Mademoiselle Cannes with his mother sitting by the table, and helping in the family mending.

"Pierre was afraid that the Norman had some view upon the money which his mother as concierge collected for her brother. But the money was all safe next evening when his cousin, Monsieur Morin fils, came to collect it. Madame Babette asked her nephew to sit down, and skilfully barred the passage to the inner door, so that Virginie, had she been ever so much disposed, could not have retreated. She sate silently sewing. All at once the little party were startled by a very sweet tenor voice, just close to the street window, singing one of the airs out of Beaumarchais' operas, which, a few years before, had been popular all over Paris. But after a few moments of silence, and one or two remarks, the talking went on again. But Pierre noticed an increased air of abstraction in Virginie, who, I suppose, was recurring to the last time that she had heard the song, and did not consider, as her cousin had hoped she would have done, what were the words set to the air, which he was in hopes she would remember, and which would have told her so much. For only a few years before Adam's opera of *Richard le Roi* had made the story of the Minstrel Blondel and our English *Cœur de Lion* familiar to all the opera-going part of the Parisian public, and Clément had bethought him of establishing a communication with Virginie by some such means.

"The next night about the same hour the same voice was singing outside the window again. Pierre, who had been irritated by the proceeding the evening before, as it had diverted Virginie's attention from his cousin, who had been doing his utmost to make himself agreeable, rushed out to the door just as the Norman was ringing the bell to be admitted for the night. Pierre looked up and down the street; no one else was to be seen. The next day the Norman mollified him somewhat by knocking at the door of the conciergerie, and begging Monsieur Pierre's acceptance of some knee-buckles which had taken the country farmer's fancy the day before, as he had been gazing into the shops; but which, being too small for his purpose, he took the liberty of offering to Monsieur Pierre. Pierre, a French boy, inclined to foppery, was charmed, ravished by the beauty of the present and with monsieur's goodness, and he began to adjust them to his breeches immediately, as well he could, at least, in

his mother's absence. The Norman, whom Pierre kept carefully on the outside of the threshold, stood by, as if amused at the boy's eagerness.

"'Take care,' said he, clearly and distinctly; 'take care, my little friend, lest you become a fop; and, in that case, some day years hence, when your heart is devoted to some young lady, she may be inclined to say to you'—here he raised his voice—'No, thank you; when I marry, I marry a man, not a petit-maitre; I marry a man, who, whatever his position may be, will add dignity to the human race by his virtues.' Farther than that in his quotation Clément dared not go. His sentiments (so much above the apparent occasion,) met with applause from Pierre, who liked to contemplate himself in the light of a lover, even though it should be a rejected one, and who hailed the mention of the words 'virtues' and 'dignity of the human race' as belonging to the cant of a good citizen.

"But Clément was more anxious to know how the invisible lady took his speech. There was no sign at the time. But when he returned at night, he heard a voice, low-singing, behind Madame Babette, as she handed him his candle, the very air he had sung without effect for two nights past. As if he had caught it up from her murmuring voice, he sang it loudly and clearly as he crossed the court.

"'Here is our opera-singer!' exclaimed Madame Babette. 'Why, the Norman grazier sings like Boupré,' naming a favorite singer at the neighboring theatre.

"Pierre was struck by the remark, and quietly resolved to look after the Norman; but again I believe it was more because of his mother's deposit of money than with any thought of Virginie.

"However, the next morning, to the wonder of both mother and son, Mademoiselle Cannes proposed, with much hesitation, to go out and make some little purchase for herself. A month or two ago, this was what Madame Babette had been never weary of urging. But now she was as much surprised as if she had expected Virginie to remain a prisoner in her rooms all the rest of her life. I suppose she had hoped that her first time of quitting it would be when she left it for Monsieur Morin's house as his wife.

"A quick look from Madame Babette to-

wards Pierre was all that was needed to encourage the boy to follow her. He went out cautiously. She was at the end of the street. She looked up and down, as if waiting for some one. No one was there. Back she came, so swiftly that she nearly caught Pierre before he could retreat through the portecochère. There he looked out again. The neighborhood was low and wild, and strange; and some one spoke to Virginie,—nay, laid his hand upon her arm—whose dress and aspect (he had emerged out of a side-street)

Pierre did not know; but after a start, and (Pierre could fancy) a little scream, Virginie recognized the stranger, and the two turned up the side street whence the man had come. Pierre stole swiftly to the corner of this street; no one was there: they had disappeared up some of the alleys. Pierre returned home to excite his mother's infinite surprise. But they had hardly done talking, when Virginie returned, with a color and a radiance in her face which they had never seen there since her father's death."

UNIFORMITY IN RELIGION PRESERVED BY FORCE.—Do they keep away schism? if to bring a numb and chill stupidity of soul, an unactive blindness of mind upon the people by their leaden doctrine, or no doctrine at all; if to persecute all knowing and zealous Christians by the violence of their Courts, be to keep away schism, they keep away schism indeed: and by this kind of discipline all Italy and Spain is as purely and politically kept from schism as England hath been by them. With as good a plea might the dead palsy boast to a man, 'Tis I that free you from stitches and pains, and the troublesome feeling of cold and heat, of wounds and strokes; if I were gone, all these would molest you. The winter might as well vaunt itself against the spring, I destroy all noisome and rank weeds, I keep down all pestilent vapors: yea! and all wholesome herbs, and all fresh dews by your violent and hide-bound frost: but when the gentle west winds shall open the fruitful bosom of the earth, thus overguarded by your imprisonment, then the flowers put forth and spring, and then the sun shall scatter the mists, and the manuring hand of the tiller shall root up all that burdens the soil without thank to your bondage."—*Milton*.—*Reason of Church Government urged against Prelaty*.

ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY VILLAGES IN SUSSEX WHOLLY DESTITUTE OF EVANGELICAL INSTRUCTION.—Had it not been stated on the unquestionable authority of the Secretaries of the Sussex Congregational Society, that such a host of villages, and some towns, were at this advanced period of the Christian era, quite out of the pale of the Church of Christ, the statement would have appeared incredible. Tell it not to the heathen world, that in a county so close to the metropolis of highly favored Britain, and where directors of missionary societies hold their meetings, concentrate their energies, and arrange

for the welfare of the world, that a population of not less than 60,000 are hitherto unbled with those tidings which have partially gladdened the hearts of the Hindoo, the Hottentot, and the inhabitants of the lovely islands of the Southern Ocean.—*Evangelical Mag.*, Feb., 1832. p. 69.

ORIGINAL SIN.—It was well said of St. Austin in this thing, though he said many others in it less certain, *Nihil est peccato originali ad prædicandum notius, nihil ad intelligendum secretius*. The article, we all confess; but the manner of explicating it, is not an apple of knowledge, but of contention.—*Jeremy Taylor*, vol. 9, p. 73.

It was long ago observed, that there are sixteen several famous opinions in this one question of original sin. *Ibid.*, p. 330.

FAINED GEAR. WHAT?—Be strong, saith St. Paul, having your loins girt about—some get them girdles with great knots, as though they would be surely girt, and as though they would break the devil's head with their knotted girdles. Nay, he will not be so overcome; it is no knot of a hempen girdle that he feareth; that is no piece of harness of the armor of God which may resist the assault in the evil day; it is but fained gear.—*Latimer*. *Sermon on the Epistle for 21st Sunday after Trinity*.

LAWFULNESS OF RECREATION.—I have heard the Protestant ministers in France, by men that were wise and of their own profession, much blamed in that they forbade dancing, a recreation to which the genius of that air is so inclining, that they lost many who would not lose that. Nor do they less than blame the former determination of rashness, who now gently connive at that which they had so roughly forbidden.—*Harrington's Oceana*, p. 207.

A MIDSUMMER MORNING'S DREAM.

CONTENTED, grateful, and resign'd,
As o'er the past my memory ran,
Upon my pillow I rec'in'd,

At peace, I hop'd, with God and man,
When with the morning's earliest beam
Came o'er me a celestial dream.

Methought the icy hand of Death
Unbarr'd my earthly prison door,
And far from sin's defiling breath,
My free and happy soul did soar
To realise her promis'd rest
Among the spirits of the blest;

That tuneful harps of many strings,
And voices jubilant aloud,
Gave Glory to the King of Kings,
And saints and white-rob'd seraphs bow'd
In adoration at the feet
Of Him who fill'd the Mercy-seat;

That those whom earth had never priz'd,
The contrite hearted, the cast down,
The poor, the humble, the despis'd,
And they who wore the Martyrs' crown,
The royal courts of Zion trod,
And stood at the right hand of God;

That in the highest Heaven of Heaven
Salvation's symbol shone unveil'd;
What myriads then of souls forgiven
Its brightness with hosannas hail'd!
And, at the brazen trumpet's blest,
Their golden crowns before it cast!

That so entrancing, so intense
The glories of this vision grew,
I seem'd to lose both sight and sense—
'Twas then it faded from my view—
The voice of melody was still,
And darkness fell on Zion's hill,

And silent were the harp and lute,
When, in the mist, methought I heard
Sweeter than the sweetest flute,
An unseen, solitary bird
Piping a note that seem'd to say,
"Ah! let me to the woods away.

"The robin red-breast, and the thrush,
The blackbird, linnet, and the lark,
From every bloomy brake and bush
Invite me home again, and hark!
I hear a sweeter voice than all,
My lonely mate's endearing call."

And now, alas! dissolv'd the dream
That had to heaven my spirit borne,
And I beheld Aurora's beam
Refulgent, lighting up the morn;
And saw in all its plummy pride
My serenader by my side!

What brought thee, tuneful stranger, here?
Art thou the harbinger of bliss?

The herald from some happier sphere
To tell me (joyful tidings!) *this*?
"The day's at hand when heaven to thee,
Shall not a transient vision be!"

Poor little captive! ill at ease!
It fluttering to the window flew,
Which when I open'd to the breeze,
It clapp'd its wings, and chirp'd adieu!
And vanish'd in the azure bright,
Singing, and soaring with delight.

I thought upon my morning dream;
And how I panted to return
Again to that celestial beam
Where angels sing, and seraphs burn;
And, like the throstle to its nest,
Soar to my everlasting rest.

—*Literary Gazette.* GEORGE DANIEL.

CHILDREN.

[From Longfellow's forthcoming Book of Poems.]

COME to me, O ye children!
For I hear you at your play,
And the questions that perplexed me
Have vanished quite away.

Ye open the eastern windows,
That look toward the sun,
Where thoughts are singing swallows
And the brooks of morning run.

In your hearts are the birds and the sunshine,
In your thoughts the brooklets flow,
But in mine is the wind of Autumn
And the first fall of the snow.

Ah! what would the world be to us
If the children were no more?
We should dread the desert behind us
Worse than the dark before.

What the leaves are to the forest,
With light and air for food,
Ere their sweet and tender juices
Have been hardened into wood—

That to the world are children;
Through these it feels the glow
Of a brighter and sunnier climate
Than reaches the trunks below.

Come to me, O ye children!
And whisper in my ear
What the birds and the winds are singing
In your sunny atmosphere.

For what are all our contrivings,
And the wisdom of our books,
When compared with your caresses,
And the gladness of your looks?

Ye are better than all the ballads
That ever were sung or said;
For ye are living poems,
And all the rest are dead.

From Chambers's Journal.
THE MOUNTEBANK.

I. SETTING OUT.

THE bell rings, the curtain rises, and discovers the actors in our little drama. A middle-aged, stoutly built man, who would have been good-looking, but for the deeply graven impressions of anxiety and hunger which his face exhibited: he was arrayed in an entire suit of flesh-colored tights, much darned; round his head he wore a fillet, that had once been glowing lace; but all its lustre was gone, long, long ago, and it looked like a piece of dirty tape; yellow-ochred canvas shoes, terribly frayed and jagged, and a pair of faded crimson velvet trunks, on which a tarnished spangle, hanging here and there by a piece of yellow thread, showed that they had once been elaborately trimmed, completed his attire. Two pretty, pale-faced little boys, dressed, or rather *undressed*, in precisely the same manner, stood by, looking on dejectedly, yet listening with interest to the conclusion of a dialogue between their father and a hard-feathered, elderly woman, of whom the whole family seemed to stand in awe. These formed the group to which I would direct your attention.

"The long an' the short on it is, you'll have to turn out! I could ha' let this room, times an' often, for three-an'-six, an' here I only charge *you* half-a-crown, an' *that* you won't pay."

"*Won't* pay, Mrs. Niggs?" replied the poor father.

"Well, leastways, you *don't* pay. To be sure, your missis give me her bit of best gownd yesterday, as a kind of security for the rent; but what's the good o' that? It's nowt but a old merina."

"It was her wedding-gown," mildly expostulated the mountebank, heaving a sad sigh as he thought of the happy sunny morning when first "the old merina" adorned its then gay owner—"it was her wedding-gown, and poor Agnes wouldn't like to lose it."

"*That* may be; but 'tain't no use to me; it 'ud only fit a half-starved shrimp of a woman like her."

"But, Mrs. Niggs, you've got my watch too."

"A trumpery, old-fashioned thing, as big as a warming-pan!" said Mrs. Niggs.

"It was dear grandfather's," sighed the poor man.

"Tain't worth half-a-suppring, I know," returned the benevolent Niggs; "an' I want seven weeks' rent of you this very day. Now don't jaw no more! *talk's* no use; it won't fill my pockets: it's *money* I want. Why don't you go out with them two lads? You said you could do nowt yesterday an' the day before for the rain; it don't rain to-day."

"Why, certainly, it dosen't rain to-day, ma'am," said the father, walking to the window, and rubbing a pane of glass with his arm, to make a thoroughfare for his eyesight: "it doesn't rain, but it looks terribly dark, as if there'd be a downfall of some sort—either rain or snow, and"—looking apprehensively towards his thinly clad children—"it's bitter, bitter cold!"

"Cold!" retorted Niggs; "*cold*, do you say? Well, I'm sure, I don't find it cold." (She had on a warm cloth dress, a large woolen shawl-handkerchief, and thick double-soled boots.) "Indeed, it ain't cold for the time o' year; fine bracing weather, I call it—make the boys hardy to be out in it."

"But," said their father, "they haven't broke their fast yet; and"—

"It's only twelve o'clock," interrupted the humane landlady, "an' many's the good Christyin as hasn't had their breakfast yet, let alone mountebanks an' the like unedicated scum, which I looks on as hathings! What matters whether you takes your lads out afore their breakfasses or arter? You shouldn't indulge their appetites overmuch."

Here the father glanced at the attenuated forms of his young ones, and replied only by a mournful shake of his head—the children staring earnestly at Mrs. Niggs, as if wondering what her notions of "indulgence" might be. A sixpenny loaf and a jug of water had been the only provision within the walls of their wretched garret for the last four-and-twenty-hours; the last morsel of the bread had been demolished for supper the night previous.

"There," added Niggs, as a single dab was heard at the street-door—"there's the gal with my shoulder and taters from the baker's. I must be going, for I hate my victuals cold. Now, you mind what I've said, Mr. Thingamy—if you don't pay up like a man, afore Thursday, out you go! Take them little creeters into the streets, an' see if they can't earn a trifle, as *you* call it—*beg* a trifle, as *I* call it:

either way, the money's as good. Grumble about the weather, indeed! Why, for the time of year—— Drat that gal! she's left the street-door ajar, an' the draught comes up them stairs enough to cut a body in two——u-gh."

Grumbling and shivering, Mrs. Niggs lumped heavily down stairs to scold the "gal," and afterwards, to solace herself with a pint of hot ale and a good substantial dinner, the steam and appetizing smell whereof ascending to the mountebank's garret, brought tears into his eyes, as he turned away from his hungry children, not daring to meet their looks. So he paced the room, as people *do* when excited, or impatient, or unhappy, or hungry, perhaps: poor fellow, he was all these at once. First he walked to the dingy window aforesaid, gazed up at the heavy clouds, then down at the pavement, saying mournfully to himself: "There's sure to be a downfall, for the pavement's quite damp, and that's always a sign." Then he went to the almost empty grate, put on the last remaining morsel of coal, fanned it with his breath into a tiny flame, then back again to the window, then again to the cheerless fireplace, fidgeting about, and busying himself with such little matters as sweeping the hearth, dusting the shaky mantle-piece with a remnant of an old clown's cap; and, finally, setting a low, rickety wooden chair before the miserable attempt at a fire, saying, in as cheerful a tone as he could muster: "Mother'll be coming in soon, my lads, and then"——

"And then, will there be brefsas, daddy?" asked the youngest boy.

"Yes, yes, Midgkins; at least, I hope there will."

Here the poor fellow took the boy on his knee, drew Alfie towards him also, and tried to beguile the time until mother should come, by hearing them repeat the little songs and hymns which that mother loved to teach them.

"Now, Midgkins, it's your turn," said the father, after Alfie had gone through his little hoard of knowledge, and yet no mother, and no breakfast.

Accordingly, the child began to recite, and prettily too, that infant favorite, *The Busy Bee*; but when he came to, "with the sweet food," &c., his voice failed him, the tears started into his eyes, and he wept loudly and bitterly, with his pale, tiny face hidden in his

father's breast. At this moment, a weary step was heard slowly ascending the cracking stairs.

"Mother, mother!" shouted Alfie, who sprang to open the door. Little Midgkins's eyes brightened up; his father set him gently down, and hastened to meet his wife and release her from the burden of a baby some ten months old, which she carried with great difficulty, for the woman was slight and pale, half-starved, and half-clothed. The most cursory glance might serve to inform you that she was indeed the mother so anxiously waited for; she was so like her boys. The same expression of patient endurance was on her long thin face and in her meek blue eyes. A girl, who might have seen two summers, toddled in, clinging to her gown. The child's nose was red, her cheeks blue, and her eyes were filled with water; it was evident, indeed, from the appearance of both the children, and of mother too, that the morning was intensely cold. Alfie met his sister, took off her lilac cotton bonnet, which, long innocent of starch, flapped uneasily over her forehead. He next divested her of an old, coarse, brown overcoat, made originally by mother for Midgkins to wear over his fleshings, but which Lucy had on because her own green stuff pelisse had last week been converted into a dinner. Strangely enough, the fire seemed to burn brighter as soon as mother entered the room! She sat down: Midgkins climbed on her lap; Alfie took possession of a low stool, seated Lucy on his knees, and began chafing her poor half-frozen hands and feet; while father untied baby's cloak and hood—put on certainly more for appearance' sake than for warmth, four young mountebanks in succession having worn them completely threadbare.

"No use your long walk, I know, Agnes," said father.

"Very little. The guardians gave me a shilling, and told me—not gruffly, but as if they were sorry to say it to me, for they looked pitifully at the poor babes—they told me that the turn-out and the lock-out together had made matters so bad that in justice to their own townfolk, they oughtn't to have given me even that, and that I mustn't trouble them again."

On mention of a shilling, Alfie quietly filled the small tin kettle, and set it on the now sparkling fire, slipped on his overcoat and

cap, and then nodded to mother, who of course understood him to mean: "I'm ready to go to the shop." She popped the coin into his hand, and away he trotted on his joyful errand. During his short absence, what preparations Midgkins and Lucy made! how they bustled about; how they set out the odd cracked cups and saucers, the two battered leaden tea-spoons, and the old broken-spouted brown tea-pot! Father meantime recounted the particulars of Mrs. Niggs's visit, which grieved his wife, although it did not surprise her. Laden with a loaf, tea, sugar, and two red herrings, Alfie returned, and the whole family—in spite of landladies and turn-outs, and the cold weather—enjoyed a hearty meal; babkins (baby, I mean) tucking in wonderful quantities of weak tea and sopped bread. Poor fellow! the maternal nourishment must needs have been but scanty.

Breakfast over, everybody looks more lively: father thinks that, "after all, the snow mayn't come to-day;" mother fancies that "the weather's milder than it was two hours ago;" and the boys button on their coats.

"Well, well, we must even try our luck," says the mountebank; "we must see if we can't get as far as Eglinthorpe: there's a fair held there to-morrow. It's no use trying the town again; what with the strike and the dearness of food, poor folks can't give, and rich ones never stop to look at us. Keep up your spirits, Agnes; perhaps we may make a pitch at some village on the road; and if we do, I'll send you half of whatever we get; so look out for a letter."

So saying, he strapped a drum round his waist, over a miserable ragged gray coat, and pinned a little square of worn carpeting over Midgkins's shoulders; Agnes tied her own cotton shawl round Alfie, kissed her boys, said good-bye to them and father, but still seemed to linger about them; and when they were quite ready for a start, she laid baby on the bed, followed them down stairs, kissed them once more, thrust the remains of the loaf into Alfie's pocket, and whispered to him: "Be kind to little Midgkins?" Mother watched her treasures in their progress down the street; and when they were quite out of sight, she turned away with a heavy heart to her infant charge in the garret. Poor mother! why was her heart so heavy? Often and often had she been separated from her husband and the boys for three or four days at a

time, while they pursued their calling. Why, then, was her heart so heavy?

II. THE MOOR.

On they went—the mountebank and his boys—through dirty, poverty-stricken lanes—on, on, through dark, dejected-looking courts and narrow alleys where father thought it just possible they might raise a few pence. In front streets and bustling thoroughfares, he was aware that none would be tempted to stop and admire their performance. Indeed, had a few spectators been, by some wonderful chance, collected in any such locality, the police would certainly have interfered with the customary gruff "Move on there!" After threading innumerable intricate passages, and tortuous by-ways, with which the mountebank seemed perfectly familiar, our little party emerged into a large open square—in former times, used as a hay-market—which, being surrounded by workmen's cottages, was a place where, perhaps, an audience might assemble; so father began to beat the drum with all his might, Alfred startled the neighborhood with the clash of cymbals, and little Midgkins shook and spread his tiny square of carpet, by way of giving "note of preparation" to passers-by. The drum and cymbal overture continued for full ten minutes before any one condescended to notice the efforts of the performers. Three or four workmen, having just dined, then sauntered to the doors of their respective dwellings, where they stood a while, leisurely smoking their pipes and enjoying the fresh air; a few children, too, attracted by the noise, formed into a group to witness the proceedings of the professionals; and a young woman with an infant in her arms leaned out of the upstairs window of one of the adjacent cottages. Father cast his practised eyes around, counted heads, and shrugged his shoulders. He drummed away for another five minutes, and then took a second survey of his audience, but without any satisfactory result, if one might judge from the rueful expression of his countenance; however, he muttered to himself: "We must make the best of it, I suppose; it's the only likely place for a pitch at this end of the town."

Giving a sort of sideways nod to the boys, they took the cue from him with great alacrity, divested themselves of their coats, and prepared to dazzle and delight all beholders

with the splendor of their wardrobe, and the combined grace and agility of their movements. Unluckily, just as these preparations were completed, ding dong, ding dong, went the large bell of the nearest factory, and, obedient to its summons, away walked the workmen. A moment after was heard the tinkling of a school-bell, whereupon, "with unwilling steps and slow," as if sorry to be thus deprived of the expected sight, the admiring scholars moved off. Father and boys, perceiving that no chance remained of earning even the smallest pittance, made ready for their departure. Just as they were walking sadly away, the young woman at the window called out: "Bide a bit; I've summat for the little lads. Presently, out she came, bringing a jug of hot tea and some thick slices of bread and butter, saying, "You mun eat this, and take this tea before you go any further, poor things! You'll do but little to-day, for it's beginning to snow, and you can't act in the wet streets. God help you! There! Stop a bit," she exclaimed, as Alfie gave her the empty jug—"Stop a bit!" She ran upstairs, and returned with an old scarlet muffler and a green cotton neck-tie, which she gave to the mountebank to wrap round the children's throats. He received them with many expressions of gratitude—so much kindness was something rather unusual. "I'm sure you're heartily welcome," said the friendly giver; "I wish I could do more for you; but my man's one of the turn-outs, and we've nowt but the c'lection brass to live on. Good-luck to you, master, and to your pretty lads, wherever you go. Ah! there's no knowing what one's own poor little 'uns may come to in this hard world." Here she hugged her baby fondly to her bosom; and nodding a kind farewell to the street-artistes, she disappeared. Perchance, comfortable reader, you wonder how these children could find an appetite to enjoy a second meal so soon after their breakfast; but, remember, these boys had existed in a state of semi-starvation *all their lives*; and in such cases the craving for food is incessant.

"It's useless to go home without money," thought the poor mountebank. "I could no more face Mrs. Niggs than I could face a tiger; so, we'll step on, best foot foremost; and if the weather doesn't turn out *very* bad we can be at Eglinthorpe by five o'clock. Tom Whitlock's sure to be there with his tumbling-booth; he'll be glad of us, and pay

us well too, for the fair-day. Let's make a start, boys! Come! Cheerily, ho!" Thus monologuing, and leading Midgkins by the hand, he turned his back on the town, with little Alfie bringing up the rear. At the outset of the journey, the youngsters were lively enough, and prattled on, in childish fashion, about "what they'd do when they were older; what pains they'd take with their posturing and vaulting; and how they'd get a situation in some grand circus, where an immense amount of salary would be theirs; and how joyfully they'd give it all to father and mother, who should never be ragged nor hungry any more." The mountebank smiled on them compassionately as he listened: he remembered that long years gone by, *he*, too, had thought and spoken in the same strain. Alas for human hopes and resolves! *his* parents had died in the parish workhouse! Not that he was unwilling to assist them—not that he lacked affection towards them—but few and far between had been his opportunities of assisting them; for he had not been fortunate in a profession, which is, at best, but a precarious one. True, he had seen others, with a very limited amount of talent and industry, get forward in the race of life—rise in the world, and attain a high position in their calling; but his career had been an unsuccessful one; and though it would have been the pride of his affectionate heart to have cherished the declining years of his aged parents, it was not to be; and, as I said before, they died in the workhouse.

"Cherrily, ho, Alfie! Give me your hand, and I'll help you along." So father led both boys; and when they had walked nearly five miles, and begun to look tired, to their great delight he opened his inexhaustible budget of oft-repeated tales, to lighten the tediousness of the journey. First, he related the anecdote of Alfred the Great and the burned cakes; then the story of William Tell; after these came the fable of the shepherd-boy and the wolf—all of which, though heard for the twentieth time at least, awakened in the juvenile auditors as warm an interest as ever; and many were the sensible remarks and pertinent questions to which they gave rise. Formerly, when the children were too young to be amused in this manner, the mountebank, in providing for a business excursion, would purchase some comfits or peppermint lozengers, and, after walking so long, that

symptoms of weariness began to exhibit themselves in the slackened pace of the little pedestrians, he would scatter the sweetmeats here and there on the road at short intervals, and the children, forgetting their fatigue, would follow quickly to secure the tempting prize; and when the stock of confectionary was exhausted, they would race with as much eagerness after a ball thrown by father in their onward path, as ever was manifested by jockey when competing for the Derby. Later, tales and songs had taken the place of the comfits and the ball.

The sixth milestone was greeted by the youngsters as a friend, for it told them that half their journey was accomplished; but father appeared uneasy: he looked with dismay at the heavy black clouds overhead, and at the thickening snow; it had fallen gently all the afternoon, but it now began to assume a threatening aspect. He stopped suddenly in the most interesting portion of *The Thriftless Heir*, which he was relating, and felt irresolute whether to return even then, or to go forward. After a brief pause, he chose the latter alternative, for, as he argued mentally, to return without having any part of the rent to proffer to Mrs. Niggs, would only provoke her to carry into immediate execution her threat of turning all the family out into the streets; whereas, if he went on to the fair, his wife and the younger children would at least be certain of a roof to shelter them—and *that* was something in such inclement weather. Setting this out of the question, his little party was half-way to its place of destination. To be sure, the remaining half lay across a barren moor, where there were no hedgerows or walls to screen the travellers from the weather. What of that? He'd carry Midgkins; and then he and Alfie could walk faster than they had done previously, and wouldn't feel the cold. Pursuant to this resolution, he took the tired little one, nothing loath, in his arms, although encumbered as he was by the large drum, it was a troublesome matter to manage this additional weight. Still he toiled on, supporting Midgkins on one arm, and leading Alfie as quickly onward as he could, while thicker and faster fell the snow-flakes, and gradually slower and more feeble became the boy's steps; and Midgkins, nestled in his father's bosom, overpowered with the extreme cold, fell fast asleep.

"Come, my boy, step out and let us get

under cover; it's going to be a fearful night! Luckily, the first house we come to in Eglington is the Travellers' Rest; and a kind-hearted body is Mrs. Dawson, that keeps it: she'll not refuse to let you and Midgkins sit by the kitchen-fire, while I look for Tom Whitlock, and settle matters with him. Walk as fast as you can—there's a good boy!"

This the mountebank said in an anxious, husky tone of voice, for the blinding snow prevented his discerning any thing likely to prove a guide; a thick darkness was spread itself all round, and the unhappy man felt a dire foreboding of evil.

"Indeed, father," feebly replied the child, "I do walk as fast as ever I can; but I've lost my shoes in the snow, and I'm *so tired*, and *so cold*, and *so very drowsy*. I wish I might lie down and take a sleep."

The mountebank made no reply to this; but he clasped the boy's hand convulsively, and still endeavored to urge him forward. In what direction they were going, he knew not, yet hoped for the best. At length, after wandering about on the desolate, snow-clad waste for nearly two hours, without meeting a living creature—the fury of the storm ever increasing, and the cold, as the day wore on, becoming yet more intense, he yielded to the faint entreaties of poor Alfie, to "sit and rest just a little while." He sat down with both the children on his knees, Midgkins still slumbering, but not peacefully, as happy childhood sleeps: his teeth chattered, he moaned incessantly, and trembled from head to foot. Alfie was pale, foot-sore, exhausted. In this terrible strait, what was the bewildered father to do? Shivering as he was with cold, the agony of his mind caused streams of perspiration to roll down his careworn countenance. Short time sufficed for deliberation: he arose, took off his coat, wrapped it round his boys, and placed them in a sitting-posture against the drum.

"Now, Alfie," said he, making a painful effort to speak cheerfully, "I must leave you for a while. You know I can walk very fast; and I'll try to find my way to the village, and get some one to come and help me to carry you and Midgkins to the Travellers' Rest."

"But, father, you mustn't go without your coat; see what large flakes of snow are coming down."

"Don't heed me, love," replied father;

"but try to stay awake, and keep close to your little brother."

"Yes, father, and I'll say my prayers. Mother always told me to pray to God to take care of us if we should be in trouble."

The idea of mother at that moment almost overcame the mountebank; but he struggled manfully with his feelings; he embraced lovingly, again and again, Alfie and the unconscious Midgkins. He could hardly persuade himself to go; yet to stay, was to bring certain destruction on them, for the snow still fell, and the darkness still increased. Alone and unencumbered, he might reach Eglinthorpe very soon—nay, perhaps, at that moment he might be close upon the village, although the darkness obscured it from his view. These cheering hopes he tried to encourage, as if to brace his nerves for the approaching trial. A trial it was, and a heavy one, to leave his young ones in utter darkness on that dreary moor: but it *must* be. The father yielded to stern necessity, and with tears of agony, tore himself from the spot, and walked away with rapid strides. It was all guess-work as to which way he was going—all haphazard—it being by this time so dark that, to use a common but expressive phrase, "you couldn't have seen your hand before you."

III. THE TRAVELLERS' REST.

THE door of the Travellers' Rest always stands hospitably open, as is becoming in a roadside house of entertainment. On this particular stormy night, the snow came drifting in furiously; and the wind, whistling along the wide passages of the old-fashioned public-house, disturbed the whist-players, who were enjoying their usual evening rubber in the little bar-parlor. Mrs. Dawson, from her *sanctum* (the bar), where she sat in attendance on her customers, observed this, and called out to the servant:

"Bet, my lass, thou mayst shut the front-door; we shall ha' ne more visitors to-night for certain; nobody would venture out in such a storm; so get thy supper, and to bed wi' thee—thou hast to rise early to-morrow. If the morning turns out fine, we shall ha' lots o' fair-day folk here by seven o'clock."

Betty went to obey her mistress's orders, but immediately rushed back, screaming with terror, and crying out: "A ghost, a ghost!" she took refuge in the kitchen, slamming the

door after her, to keep the spiritual intruder at a respectful distance.

"A ghost; why, what does the silly wench mean?" said Mrs. Dawson, as she put her knitting down, and came out of the bar to ascertain the cause of this extraordinary conduct. On arriving in the passage, she might have echoed Betty's cry—that is, if she, too, had been given to a belief in ghosts—for there, leaning for support with one hand on each doorpost, stood a figure ghastly to behold!—a man, gasping and struggling for breath; his eyes bloodshot, and glaring wildly around; his hair matted and dishevelled; shoeless; and, in such a bitter night as that, wearing only the thin garments of a street-tumbler, and those saturated with snow. At last, the mountebank had reached the Travellers' Rest whose friendly lamp had guided him to the door.

"Bless me!" cried the landlady, "here's a poor chap that looks as if he was dying. He's one of the show-folk, I see. Come in, good man; don't stand there—come to the fire; thou seems perished."

The mountebank essayed to accept her hospitable invitation; he staggered forward a few steps; uttered, in a hoarse whisper, the word "water," when a stream of blood gushed from his mouth, and he fell heavily, face downwards.

The house was all astir directly; the rubber came to a sudden close, and, the village doctor, who was one of the card-players, hurried out to the sick man's assistance. With the help of the other members of the whist-party, he raised the patient up, and bore him carefully into the bar-parlor, where he was deposited on the sofa. Joe Ostler, and Betty too, now that her fears of "the ghost" were dispelled, hastened to offer their services in his behalf.

"Blankets made quite hot, Betty! Warm water and a sponge, Joe! A glass of weak port-negus, Mrs. Dawson!"

Such were the doctor's hurried orders; in compliance with which, the person addressed disappeared instantaneously, and returned anon with the appliances above named. Every one present lending a hand, the hot blankets were quickly spread, and the insensible form of the mountebank enveloped therein; his mouth and eyes were sponged unceasingly for many minutes, but no signs of returning consciousness appeared.

"I'm afraid the poor fellow's gone," said the sympathising Mrs Dawson.

"No, no," replied the doctor, "but he's in imminent danger; he has burst a blood-vessel, from over-exertion, apparently. We'll try the effect of the negus;" so saying, he slowly poured a small portion of it down the patient's throat. With much difficulty, the latter contrived to swallow it. It somewhat revived him, for presently he opened his eyes, and gazed inquiringly at the anxious faces assembled round his couch; the doctor took this opportunity to administer a second dose; and having laid the stranger in as easy a posture as he could, began to make his arrangements for the night. Taking the patient's dangerous condition into consideration, he resolved to sit up with him all night. Mrs. Dawson and Joe Ostler volunteered to watch too; and it was agreed upon that, at six in the morning, they should be relieved by the other members of the party. Fain would the good-natured trio of card-players have remained all night; but this the doctor would by no means allow; so, with many kind wishes for the invalid's speedy recovery, they took their departure. Betty retired to rest; and Mrs. Dawson brought the doctor a stiff tumbler of his favorite beverage (brandy and water, hot); also a glass of strong rum punch for Joe, "to help him to watch." It didn't produce the desired effect though; for Joe, tired out with a hard day's work—he was ostler, boots, gardener, and waiter, too, sometimes—after tossing off the steaming potion, leaned back in his chair, and fell fast asleep. Mrs. Dawson employed herself in knitting a stocking, and sipping green tea; the doctor, with his feet on the fender, was soon deeply immersed in newspaper politics; and the mountebank slumbered uneasily. This was the state of affairs in the little bar-parlor until three o'clock, when suddenly the patient started up, siezed a chair which stood near him, waved it over his head, and finally balanced it on his forehead by one leg, exclaiming in a hoarse voice: "Bravo, bravo, Alf! A capital *pose* that! Ha, ha, ha! We shall soon eclipse Risley and Sons! Bravo! Now, little Midgkins, it's *your* turn! Now for a somersault! Here goes!"

Suiting the action to the word, he was about to precipitate the chair across the room, and through a large looking-glass which hung over the mantelpiece; when the doctor, being on

the alert, woke Joe with a hearty kick on the shins, and, by their united efforts, they wrested the chair from him, and forced him to lie down.

"Joe," said the doctor, "run across the road; ring the surgery-bell as loud as you can till my young man answers it, and tell him to send me a composing-draught."

Joe hastened away on his mission, while the doctor and Mrs. Dawson held the patient down, and tried with soothing words to calm his agitation, but in vain. He trembled violently, his eyes flashed fire, and he raved unceasingly about his boys—his darlings! about hunger—poverty—snow—the workhouse—death!

Joe reappeared with the draught; this the doctor put into a tumbler, and applied to the patient's burning lips, with, "Come, drink, my man, drink! a glass will drown care."

The mountebank shook his head; but, on hearing the landlady in a kindly tone add her entreaties to those of the doctor, he said quietly: "Well, well, Agnes, if *you* wish me to take it, I will;" and he held out his hand for the glass, the contents of which he drained at once. Its effects were instantaneous: the poor man laid his head on the pillow, and soon slept tranquilly.

At the appointed hour, the gentlemen who had promised to relieve the watchers assembled at the Travellers' Rest. Mrs. Dawson, however, declared that she "didn't feel fatigued—that it wasn't worth while to go to bed, for the fair-day folk would be meeting in an hour or two, and that she would rather stay up." So said the doctor too, and Joe agreed with them.

"Bring breakfast, then, for the party, at my expense," cried Hopkins, the exciseman; "and let it be of the best."

The landlady bustled about, aroused Betty to assist her, and between them they quickly prepared a capital breakfast, to which all present did ample justice. As the meal drew towards a conclusion, the mountebank slowly arose, and assuming a sitting-posture, surveyed the room and its occupants with unfeigned astonishment.

"Well, my man," said the worthy doctor, "you've had a tolerably long nap; now, take this cup of coffee, and, if you can, eat a slice of bread and ham; it will do you no harm."

The poor man made no answer, for he was completely bewildered, but, mechanically, he

took the cup in his hand, staring vacantly around until he chanced to see the portly form of the landlady, who was presiding at the breakfast-table, when, with the speed and force of lightning, yesterday's incidents rushed in a crowd upon his memory. "This is the Travellers' Rest, then," said he. "Don't you remember me, Mrs. Dawson? You used to call me Belphegor, because, like him, I was a mountebank, and, like him, had a pretty wife and a family."

"So it is, I declare," replied Mrs. Dawson; "it's the father of them two lovely boys as were here last fair."

At the mention of his boys, the sick man's face became absolutely livid with fear, and his lips quivered as he gasped forth: "My children—are they safe?"

There was a dead silence, for the dreadful truth flashed upon every one present. The father had been compelled to leave his darlings on the moor, exposed to the fury of that terrible tempest, while he sought aid in their behalf. The doctor was the first to speak; "We'll hope so, my good friend."

"*Hope?* Are they not *here*? Speak!—quick! quick! quick! You won't answer me. O my boys! Dead!—dead! Wretch, inhuman wretch that I was, to abandon them!"

Again the benevolent doctor was the spokesman; he hastened to assure the unhappy father that immediate search should be made—tried to cheer him by expressing a hope—which he certainly did not feel—that the children would be found safe, and promised that every thing possible should be done for them.

"It's my delight, of a shiny night, in the season of the year!" roared rather than sung a rough, good-natured voice, as its owner drove up to the inn-door in a light cart.

"There's Tom Whitlock!" exclaimed the mountebank, and, exerting all his strength, he gathered his blanket round him, rushed out of the room, and opened the street-door.

"Whoy, Jem, lad, be that thee?" cried the Yorkshireman; "I be reet glad to see thee, mun! But what's up? Thee looks mortal pale and thin; hast been badly?"

"Your cart—it's empty, isn't it?" was the hurried reply.

"Ay, for sure," said Tom. "I unloaded t' goods down t' fair ground, and now I'm for putting Topsy into t' stable here."

The party, having followed the patient to

the door, now rapidly explained matters to Tom, who, with the characteristic kindness of his countrymen, immediately placed his vehicle at his friend's disposal, resumed the reins, and would at once have set forth in search of the little ones; but that the doctor insisted on the mountebank's having some refreshment before he started. Eat he could not; so he and Tom were each supplied with a dram to keep out the cold; the exciseman lent his large blue cloak to father; the schoolmaster supplied him with a thick woollen comforter; Joe Ostler produced his Sunday boots and stockings, and a warm-sleeved-waistcoat; and Mrs. Dawson contributed a pair of trousers and a hat that had belonged to her late husband. The doctor having declared that unless his patient consented to put these things on, he should be detained by main force, the mountebank reluctantly consented to allow Joe to equip him in them, although his impatience during the operation amounted to agony. In a few minutes his hasty toilet was completed; Joe assisted him into the cart; the doctor, furnished with wine and other restoratives, took his seat; and the ostler threw in a bundle of horse-cloths and a spade.

"Now, Topsy, old lass, as quick as thee canst!" shouted Tom; but the depth of snow rendered speed impossible. All the inmates of the Travellers' Rest, except its mistress, followed; not a word was spoken; suspense is generally silent. The travellers had proceeded nearly four miles without finding any traces of those whom they sought, when suddenly the mountebank, who had hitherto been perfectly motionless—if we except a quick, nervous twitching about the corners of his mouth—hastily clutched the doctor's arm, whispering: "See! see!—there!" The doctor looked in the direction indicated by his patient, but shook his head. The dim gray of the morning presented nothing to his gaze but one unbroken surface of snow; his vision was not sharpened by parental love and fear. The father now attracted Tom's attention to the same spot, and bade him drive that way. "See! see!" said he—"their grave!"

"A snaw-drift, loikely," replied Tom. "Keep up thy heart, mun; we'll soon see what it is. Get along, Topsy! Gee! gee! lass!"

As they neared the place, every one perceived, indeed, a mound of snow, presenting

exactly the appearance of a grave; and to complete the resemblance, there stood a headstone.

"On! on!" said the father. "O Tom, drive on! How slowly we get along!"

At last they stopped; the mountebank pushed aside the hands extended to assist him, leaped wildly out of the cart, and stood for a moment silently contemplating their grave. Joe took the spade, and began removing the tall white heap that looked so like a headstone. In a little while, having shovelled away a quantity of snow, the top of a large drum became visible: at sight of this, the mountebank's face was alternately flushed and pale, pale and flushed. Keen anxiety marked the countenances of the whole party, and all eyes were so intently fixed on Joe's operations, that none had observed a recent addition to their number. It was a woman—young, fair, and of an interesting appearance. Presentiment, destiny's grim shadow, had whispered to her the sad tale of her children's luckless fate; and leaving the two younger ones to the care of a neighbor, she had set out for Eglinthorpe, resolved to know the worst. Softly she went up to the mountebank, gazed mournfully upon his altered countenance—for illness and anxiety had done their work—and pressing his hand affectionately, she said "Husband!" The effect of that one word was truly magical. The unhappy man, whose eyes were burning with fever, and whose pent-up grief was driving him to the very verge of insanity, was now relieved by a copious flood of tears. "Gently, gently," cried he, as Joe began to dig away the snowy mound which it was now certain covered his children—"gently! Don't disfigure my pretty darlings."

Joe threw the spade down, tenderly drew away with his hands the remainder of the snow, and revealed to the expectant parents the lifeless forms of their dear offspring. There they lay, as in a tranquil sleep. Alf's right arm encircled his little brother's neck; his left hand grasped firmly the collar of the old coat in which they were enveloped, and it was evident that to the last the loving boy had striven to pull the garment tightly round Midgkins to shield him from the cold.

"Dead, dead!" cried poor father, with a groan of anguish: "I knew it."

Mother fell on her knees beside her little

ones, and covering her face with her hands, wept bitterly. The doctor lost not a moment in parleying, but stooping down, began chafing Alf's frozen limbs. "Joe!" said he abruptly, "the wine! look sharp! There's hope yet."

What sweet music was in that simple sentence! music that stayed the torrent of mother's tears, and caused father's countenance to beam with hope. Half-a-dozen pair of willing hands were soon employed in using every means suggested by the doctor for the resuscitation of the young sufferers. Happily, their earnest endeavors were crowned with success; for anon, Alf half-opened his eyes, and on seeing his father bending anxiously over him, he said—somewhat indistinctly as one speaks in a dream: "Father, have you come to fetch us?"

"Yes, my love—yes," replied father.

"But where's Midgkins?" murmured Alf. "I thought I had my arms round him——"

"Your brother's quite safe," interrupted the doctor; "but, no more talking now; wait till you're stronger."

"Look! he's breathing freely, and moves his hands," said mother, referring to Midgkins—to whom she and Yorkshire Tom had been directing their care and attention. The doctor now gave orders that the boys should be wrapped up in the horse-cloths, and desiring their parents to get into the vehicle, he placed the little ones in their arms, and whispered to Tom to drive on, as fast as he could, for that much remained to be done before he could pronounce the young invalids out of danger. Moreover, he dreaded the effects of the keen morning air on the frame of the mountebank, shaken as it had been by the excitement of recent events. Arrived at the Travellers' Rest, every means that kindness and experience prompted was put into requisition for the behoof of the distressed family—warm baths, good beds; in short, all that her house afforded, Mrs. Dawson freely placed at the doctor's disposal for their advantage, and was rewarded by his declaring, on the following day, that all that his patients now required was plenty of "kitchen physic," seconded by good nursing.

These two important adjuncts to the physician's skill were not wanting on the present occasion, for the kind landlady was indefatigable in her superintendence of broths and jellies for the invalids; and as for nursing,

why, mother was there. The consequence was, that in a few days the doctor discontinued his visits.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men, which taken at the flood, leads on to fortune." So said Shakspeare. With the subjects of our tale this "tide," had now set in, and that which all their professional talent had failed to achieve, accident gained for them—notoriety, the very life of public professors in whatsoever department they may be. The newspapers that week published accounts of the "hair-breadth 'scape" of the children; men who make a scanty livelihood by bawling through the streets recitals of the various casualties that are daily befalling their fellow-creatures, were heard in every town retailing the substance of the foregoing narrative, with sundry additions, alterations, and moral observations. The mountebank, as Byron phrases it, "awoke one morning and found himself famous." He received a letter from the manager of one of the London minor theatres, with an offer to Mr. and the Masters Lethbridge of £5 per week, for their joint salary, to perform in a new drama, founded on fact, and entitled *The Snowstorm*; the engagement to terminate when the run of the drama was over. Said "run" might continue only three weeks, or—if the piece turned out a great hit—might last as many months, just according to the success of the production. Then came, post-haste, a modeller in wax-work, who, with father's consent, took plaster-casts of his and his children's heads. Their well-worn professional attire was eagerly purchased by this gentleman, who went away delighted at having it in his power to add to the attractions of his wax-work exhibition "the life-like models of the renowned Professor Lethbridge and his Infant Progeny, dressed in the identical apparel worn by them in the late disastrous snow-storm." Nor was the mountebank less pleased with the five-pound note which was the result of the modeller's visit. He had scarcely left the inn, when a very showy carriage, driven by a very showy coachman, stopped at the door, and a stout

elderly gentleman alighted. His dress was ultra-fashionable, and he was bejewelled, be-whiskered, and be-ringleted à merveille. He inquired politely for Monsieur Latebregé, to whom he introduced himself as the *directeur* of a celebrated foreign circus, at present located in London. The interview between the parties was short, but decisive, and terminated in the engagement of Lethbridge and the boys by the Frenchman at a liberal weekly salary, the engagement to hold good for three years certain. The directeur hastened back to town to set the printer and the bill-sticker at work *instantly*; and in a day or two London was placarded with gigantic posters, representing a snow-scene, wherein, arrayed in gorgeous Roman costume, the mountebank appeared, the extreme point of one foot resting on a diminutive glass globe, the other gracefully extended in the air. On his forehead he supported, pyramid-wise, his two boys—dressed in Turkish flies and Greek caps—Midgkins, who formed the apex, waving in each hand a small flag, emblazoned with the arms of France. To complete the picture, father's hands were industriously employed in tossing up and catching at least a dozen oranges, and as many formidable-looking two-edged knives—and all this during a heavy fall of snow; not very natural, but highly effective.

Four years have passed away since the mountebank and his family, with tears of gratitude, bade adieu to their generous Eglington friends. Since then, they have travelled professionally, even as far as Constantinople. Last year, having completed the term of their engagement with *Monsieur le Directeur*, they returned to their native country, greatly improved in appearance, manners, and knowledge. All the family speak French and German fluently; and the boys are considered by the best judges to be first-rate acrobats, horse-riders, and rope-dancers; consequently, their services are greatly sought after. They can now command excellent salaries, and, in short, are looked upon in their profession as holding rank A1.

From The Examiner.

THE ASTRONOMER OF SHEERNESS.

Os homini sublime dedit, cælumque tueri.

THAT a genius for spelling the stars may exist, without the degree of education requisite for so much as the spelling of the rude astronomer's own language, appears clearly and curiously from the interesting letter of "C. Moren Shereness, Kent Engaland," announcing in the *Times* his observation or discovery of the comet now visible in the evening sky. We give this curiosity both of literature and science *verbatim et literatim*, as our cotemporary received it:

"Sheerness Sept. 7 1858.

"Sir,—on Munday morning the 6th of Sept. I Seen a Commet Star at 2 10m Am I have Cauld two more men to witness my Strange Site, in the Heavens this Commet Maid its apierance to me above the Horezen at 10 minute Past 2. The Skey was then very Clear I watched it Course untill 4 Am when the Strong Dawn of Day took away its Reflection at 2.30 it is on an Even line with the 2 Pointers to the North Star & about the Same Distance below the Pointers as the North Star is from the Pointers I fixt 2 Sticks in the Ground & fixt a rool By them I took my alivation By those at the Same time I had my Spy Glass to watch menutely it Course in on Half Hour it Crossed my fixt alevation to the South about 3 Points this Commet is not as large as the Commet of 18011 I have witnessed the Commet of Eighteen Hundred and 11 & all the Commetts Since the above Date. this one is about the Middle Size Class Commet of a Clear Morning you Can See it in the NN.E Houze at 2. Am. at 2.30 to 3. it is on an Even line with the 2 Pointers to the North Star it is Visibly Seen By the Eye if the Heavens is Clear—

"Horesen |||| Commet = o pointers o . o N Star o

"Gentlemen Be Pleased to let me Know if I am the first man that that Seen this Strange Star out of 16 Milion of People in Engaland

"C. MOREN Shereness

"Kent Engaland

"I have two men to witness my Strange Sight.

"As I Ern my living By being out at Night this 35 years Past I have witnessed often wonderful Strange Sightts in the Heavens—that never Come Before the Publick."

Can it be necessary to call the attention of our educated astronomers to the author of this remarkable communication? How striking is the writer's anxiety to be acknowledged "the first man that seen this Strange Star out

of 16 Milion of people!" And he "cauld two more men to witness his strange site," and be his vouchers, in case a Hind or an Airey should dispute his claims. Moren is not only a student of the heavens, but an ambitious student. Let him be assured that his merits as an observer of the firmament are quite independent of the question whether his eyes were the first that detected the new arrival. No observer could have more carefully noted or reported all the leading circumstances of his observation; the time, the place, the direction and rate of the motion. The ingenuity with which he extemporized his rude instruments is most remarkable, as well as the patience (another indication of the aptitude for scientific researches) with which he watched the eccentric object for two hours, "until the Strong Dawn took away its reflection." It will be noticed, too, how he was struck, in common with experienced and trained observers, by the position of the comet with respect to the pole-star, and the stars in Ursa Major called "the pointers." We presume Moren to be in the Coast Guard service, from the spy-glass, as well as from the nature of his duties, affording him the opportunities of nightly communion with the heavens, which thousands like him possess, but not one in a million has either the love of nature or the intelligence to profit by. For the interests of astronomy, such men, when they appear (and their appearances are as rare as comets themselves), ought to receive the notice and encouragement of the learned world. The historians of the sublimest of sciences have often traced its origin to the Chaldee shepherds, dwelling under the canopy of their transparent skies, and familiar with its phenomena as with their flocks and herds. The illiterate observer of Sheerness, cultivating Astronomy ever since 1811, perhaps in ignorance of her very name, may be said to "repeat the story of her birth" under the difficulties of our northern climate, adverse to nothing so much as to astronomical pursuits.

Most credible and well worthy of observation is what our untaught genius says in his second postscript. Doubtless such a man in the course of thirty-five years has "witnessed wonderful strange sights in the heavens, that never come before the public." Those who "go down to the sea in ships" are not the only men who behold the glories of the universe. To those who walk the shores an equally wondrous field of knowledge and wonder is open. All that is wanting is an eye like Moren's, not given him in vain, as to the beasts that perish, but habitually open, and raised to the contemplation of nature.

From The Spectator.
TURKEY.

If it be possible for this country to do otherwise than "drift" in its foreign policy, it would seem high time that the most thoughtful attention should be given to the questions of action that are likely to grow out of the present position of the Turkish empire. A great mass of difficulty and danger is accumulating with fearful rapidity in this direction, and unless far more of vigilance and forethought, as well as of determination, is applied to this first of modern diplomatic problems, this country and Europe may not improbably be involved in a protracted and purposeless warfare, involving sacrifices of life and capital, without any useful end either possible or in view. It is no small scandal to our statesmanship that after a sharp war, and the expenditure of nearly one hundred millions sterling, we find ourselves only at the threshold of the difficulties of the Eastern question. The dilemma in which the Mussulman power at Constantinople involves Western politicians, has never been fairly, fully, and comprehensively considered. It is felt to be impossible to permit the aggrandizement of Russia. It is felt to be equally impossible, for any length of time, to leave the Christian populations who inhabit some of the choicest, though neglected, districts of the earth, to the unmitigated sovereignty, in any substantial sense, of Turks, however varnished by European civilization. It has been attempted to evade the dilemma by regulating the destinies of this perplexing empire at a council board of European representatives, in the presence alike of Turkey and Russia. But no sane person can believe, for a moment, that the real question can be solved by any such agency. All that is really difficult in the relations of Christian and Mohammedan populations in the whole moral and material constitution of Turkey must be, from the nature of the case, either passed by, or aggravated by an assembly like the Paris Congress. While, on the other hand, the disposition to negligence in dealing with any question that bears of a speculative stamp, which distinguishes Englishmen, whether they be grocers, or Cabinet-Ministers, tempts our Ministers, whatever be their party badge, to rely with infantile confidence upon the deliberations of these ineffectual Congresses. The most serious consequence is, that when any emergency requires coolness of deliberation, and clear intelligible ready action, as in the case of the massacre of Jeddah, a great flurry suddenly seizes upon Cabinet Ministers, and some net result of action is arrived at, which wears the look either of recklessness, stupidity, or perfidy. But there is little likelihood of any change for the better in our practical

policy until our statesmen and our people resolve that they will have a policy of their own, the result of their reflection and deliberation, instead of having only a fractional and undistinguishable part in a mock European policy. For it is quite clear that this country must, when occasion arises, act alone in the vindication of its rights. And it is excessively inconvenient that some fancied obligation to alliances or congresses should deprive our statesmen of independence and presence of mind alike, when there is any necessity for making use of a British ship of war.

The case of the Jeddah massacre illustrates in a manner both ludicrous and painful the equivocal and hypocritical position, in which this country has placed itself, in reference to the received doctrine concerning the Turkish empire. In obedience to the formula of the "independence and integrity" we make a demand upon the Sublime Porte for redress and punishment. But not believing, with any very firm belief, in the willingness or capacity of the central power to punish adequately the atrocities which had been committed, we take the precaution simultaneously of desiring the captain of a frigate to proceed to Jeddah, and, according to the euphemism, "do every thing in his power" to obtain satisfaction. It is quite possible that Lord Malmesbury may not have perceived the full drift of his phrase: that, indeed, he may have conceived that it was equivalent to that "taking into consideration," which, in Ministerial slang, signifies indefinite adjournment. But the British navy is not yet broken in to the ambling pace of Downing Street, and when Captain Pullen was referred to his "power" he very naturally thought of his cannon. However possible the interpretation of the doubts that hung over this case, which we suggest, may be, it is one which Lord Malmesbury cannot adopt, or be even suffered to hint at. Both he, and the country of which he is, for the time, the accredited agent, must be content to abide by the bombardment of Jeddah as deliberately sanctioned, and deliberately executed. And, in this point of view how glaringly absurd becomes the position we have taken up with reference to this huge mass of Mussulman decay. After having made the most heavy sacrifices for the sake of the "independence and integrity," we take the first opportunity of declaring most emphatically that we do not look upon the sovereignty of the Sultan as of any value for purposes of international justice and reparation. In fact, so far as our later proceedings since the peace of Paris are susceptible of any consistent interpretation, they look as though we were prepared to maintain the doctrine, that against Russia and the different subject Christian populations we mean to

stand by the sovereignty and supremacy of the Turk; but that, as regards the subjects of western powers, in all their contracts and injuries, we do not intend to rely upon that sovereignty, or admit its practical power one whit. There is here enough of anomaly, and contradiction to cripple, degrade, and confound our policy in the East twenty times over. For it is impossible that there can be success or dignity in any course, which being so ill-defined to our own minds, is in the appearance it bears to others so tortuous, and insincere.

It is high time, therefore, that a radical consideration should be given to the whole of this case of Turkey, so that at least there may be something like order and coherence in the different steps we take in the successive stages, or incidents of the question. If we really mean to maintain the sovereignty of the Sultan, we must maintain it, and defer to it for all purposes, and not undermine it covertly, or assault it overtly. If, upon a full investigation of the principles of Mussulman dominion, and the facts of the case, we conclude that the peace of the world, and the prosperous future of those important countries which the Turks hold, are not compatible with the indefinite prolongation of the Turkish power, let us boldly adopt that as our policy, and fairly take up the weighty task of forming new polities and states out of the decaying Mussulman empire. We do not presume to dogmatize upon questions of such grave importance as these. What we do affirm and with conviction is, that they ought to receive cool, dispassionate, scientific inquiry; and that what seems, as the result of such inquiry, best to be done should be done, *coûte qu'il coûte*. For we are satisfied that the policy of adjournment, of irritating treatment of fragments of the question, in totally opposed senses from time to time, is only accumulating arrears of difficulty and danger, which will one day have to be discharged in full in a terrible manner. Nor will it be any excuse in mitigation, if we say that we have left to Providence what, as is abundantly clear Providence has left to man.

As we are here pleading only for a fuller consideration of the responsibilities and action of England on this question than has been given, we would prefer not to dwell upon circumstances the mere mention of which almost forces the mind to conclude that the Mussulman power in Turkey is irrevocably doomed. Insurrection in every quarter of the empire, chronic deficit in the finance, and a system of revenue, barbarous, unproductive, and, with Turkish administrators, we fear un-reformable; a great antagonism of religion,

which is susceptible of no compromise; a social system incompatible with civilization in its modern sense; all these things put together seem to imply political chaos. Not in the least an echo to any religious cry, which is quite out of date as a help in difficulties such as these, but as definitely political doctrine we are all but constrained to say that the admission of the Turkish empire into the family of European states logically and inevitably involves the destruction of the Mussulman power. A species of compact has been entered into between the powers of Europe on the one hand and the Sultan on the other, that the dominions of the latter shall be preserved to him, in consideration of his introducing into them fiscal and legislative principles, such as civilized Europe adopts at least as its standard, if it does not universally realize them. We do not in the least see how the Sultan is to fulfil his part of the contract. He has neither moral or material power to do so. If we lend him either we must not deceive ourselves into the supposition that the loan can be repaid. If we enter, as we are partially doing through our bondholders, into the administration of his revenues, or as we have lately done by the Cyclops, into the administration of his justice, we enter upon a path from which there can be no deviation, and which leads straight to the dissolution and dismemberment of his empire. It is high time, therefore, that we made up our minds as to what we are doing, what we mean to do, and how, as well as with whom, we are going to do it.

From The Spectator, 11 Sept.

A DOMESTIC warfare has broken out in Constantinople which might almost be expected to crush the Sultan, or, if he prove but half as strong as Mahmoud, to complete his power under the new system. The palace is understood to be mutinous against recent laws which forbid it to profit by large appropriations out of the revenue. And a popular cry has been got up that the Sultan intends to sell Candia,—that sport of vicissitude, once the property of commercial Venice,—to the English. Abd-ul Medjid replies by addressing his assembled ministers with reproaches for failing in their duty, after they have been appointed to provide for the welfare of his people “without distinction of oath or nationality,” and with threats that in future he will be more severe towards backsliders. On his return, Lord Stratford de Redcliffe will find his royal pupil's house in admired confusion.

From The Economist.

WHAT COMMERCIAL TREATIES MAY REALLY EFFECT.

WE have been charged by our able contemporary, the *Daily News*, with inconsistency for exposing the dangers to which too great a reliance on the former commercial treaty with China has given rise, and yet, at the same time, encouraging the hopes that the mercantile classes of England are beginning to indulge in connection with the treaty just negotiated with China by Lord Elgin. We are as fully aware as our contemporary can be, that neither a commercial treaty, nor indeed Government action of any kind, can be expected to apply any healthy stimulus to trade. But there is all the difference in the world between the interference of Government to stimulate trade, and its interference to remove artificial restrictions upon trade. If a Government interfere primarily with the natural course of trade, it acts most unwisely; but if it only interfere to *undo* the effects of other interferences, its action is strictly legitimate. And this is all we hope from the new Chinese treaty, just as it was all we ought to have looked for from the treaty of Sir Henry Pottinger. If our merchants at that time speculated blindly and sent out goods to China from mere vague belief in the "new market," without any sufficient knowledge of the character of the Chinese demand, they deserved to lose, as they undoubtedly did lose, by their transactions. But this does not in any way show that the treaty itself, so far as it opened up a new access to China, was not a matter of rejoicing: it only shows that every new commercial enterprise requires study and sagacity, and that though Government may help to get the door open, it cannot ensure that every random speculator who chooses to go in will find a welcome. This is the lesson we strove last week to enforce. But true as it is that free entrance will be of no use to us without an adequate intelligence of the Chinese demand, we are not the less warranted in rejoicing that if we do successfully study the nature of that demand, no artificial restrictions will be allowed to exclude us from the attempt to satisfy it.

Now it is easy to illustrate the really important results effected by the first treaty with China in the way of removing artificial restrictions; so far as that treaty was in fact carried out. By that treaty all correspondence between the English Consuls at each of the four Chinese ports opened by the treaty and the Chinese officials was to be carried on on equal terms, and the former were to have free access to the latter. By the unanimous evidence of our Chinese Consuls, Shanghai has been the only port at which this provision has

been really carried out, and at Shanghai it has been productive of the greatest benefit. The representations of the English Consul have always been listened to with the greatest courtesy, his enlarged views in trade have been in fact adopted, and the result,—though of course advantages of situation have also contributed in a large measure to affect it,—is that the trade to Shanghai has outstripped within a very few years the trade not only to each of the other ports, but to all of them put together. A triumvirate of Western inspectors have been appointed to collect the Customs duties at Shanghai,—an Englishman, a Frenchman, and an American,—and the effect of this arrangement is that the duties of the port of Shanghai are collected in full. "At the other ports," says Mr. G. W. Cooke, "the old system of corruption prevails, and the Chinese collectors make their private bargains, usually about one half of the tariff prices." "Nothing but strong intrinsic vitality has enabled the trade of Shanghai," he adds, "to thrive in spite of this great disadvantage." We suspect that Mr. Rutherford Alcock would not speak of this arrangement, at least when taken in connection with the influence exerted by the European Consuls at this port on the tariff of duties to be imposed, as a *disadvantage*. Some enlightenment of view in fixing the duties, and rigid justice in adhering to the duties when fixed, will be found to have been one great reason of the advantage gained by this port over its competitors. Nothing can be more fatal to trade than ignorance and a grasping spirit in those who fix the Customs duties, and a venal spirit in those who exact them.

As we have already said, we do not at all underrate the advantages of situation which Shanghai has over the other ports of China, in its proximity to the mouth of the great Yangtse-Kiang. But we have every reason to believe that its comparative prosperity is by no means entirely attributable to this circumstance, but must be in great measure regarded as a result of the comparative fidelity to Sir Henry Pottinger's treaty which has prevailed at this port in the relations between the English Consul and the Chinese authorities, and the consequent beneficial effect on the commercial policy pursued there. The following figures show very remarkably the gradual transference of the trade from Canton to Shanghai. We extract them from the parliamentary blue-book on the trade of various places for 1856-57, and it must be remembered that the Canton imports include the imports to Amoy and Foochow, which are transhipped at Canton:

		British Import trade to	
		Canton.	Shanghai.
		dollars	dollars
1844	.	15,500,000	2,500,000
1845	.	10,700,000	6,100,000
1846	.	9,900,000	3,800,000
1847	.	9,600,000	4,800,000
1848	.	6,500,000	2,500,000
1849	.	7,900,000	4,400,000
1850	.	6,800,000	3,900,000
1851	.	10,000,000	4,600,000
1852	.	9,900,000	4,600,000
1853	.	4,000,000	3,900,000
1854	.	3,300,000	1,100,000
1855	.	3,600,000	3,400,000
1856	.	9,100,000	6,100,000

		British Export trade from	
		Canton.	Shanghai.
		dollars	dollars
1844	.	17,900,000	2,300,000
1845	.	27,700,000	6,000,000
1846	.	15,300,000	6,400,000
1847	.	15,700,000	6,700,000
1848	.	8,600,000	5,000,000
1849	.	11,400,000	6,500,000
1850	.	9,900,000	8,000,000
1851	.	13,200,000	11,500,000
1852	.	6,500,000	11,400,000
1853	.	6,500,000	13,300,000
1854	.	6,000,000	11,700,000
1855	.	2,900,000	19,900,000
1856	.	8,200,000	25,800,000

And yet it cannot be said, even of Shanghai, that it is at all in the position in which Lord Elgin's treaty, if it does indeed remove all restrictions on trade with the interior, will place it. The following statements in the official report of the present Consul at Shanghai, Mr. Robertson, will show at once how very far we have hitherto been from the attainment of the ends for which Lord Elgin has striven:

"It is not, however, with tariff duties that the trade at this port has alone to contend; for, heavily as they may press in some instances, still, being collected on the spot, their amount is known, and cannot be exceeded, but it is the imposts levied in the interior which so seriously affect it, and over which there is no control. Besides the principal inland custom-houses, the Lew-kwan at Loochow, the Kwa-kwan at Kwae-chow, the Yang-kwan at Yang-chow, and Kwing-gan, at Kwing-gan, recognized by the treaties, although no scale of charges were fixed, at every forty miles on the Grand Canal there are stations for the examination of boats, and small levies are made at each of them, probably not immediately under the orders of the imperial authorities, but still imposed by their servants; and, after they have passed these barriers, we know they are subjected to what are technically called 'squeezes,' to an amount that places them at such disadvantage in competition with native manufactures as to confine their sale within very small limits. In fact, unwilling as the Chinese merchants are to invest their capital in these uncertain times in foreign merchan-

dise, that unwillingness is increased by the trouble and expense they are put to in forwarding it into the interior."

When such a system of artificial restriction as this still prevails, it can scarcely be maintained that Government interference, taken only to remove it, is an interference inconsistent with the principles of free trade.

From The Economist.

DE-CENTRALIZATION IN FRANCE.

WE cannot but regard with unmingled satisfaction any symptom that the system of excessive centralization which the present Emperor of the French has stretched to a tension almost unparalleled even in France, will be relaxed under the present régime. That sooner or later it must have been relaxed in a great country like France, no one has ever doubted, and the only practical alternative in the minds of thinking men, lies between a voluntary loosening of the cord and its violent rupture. Now, whatever may be our personal estimate of the present Ruler of France, it is certainly more for the advantage both of France and of Europe that the present system should soften down into a constitutional government, than that all the uncertainty and terrible moral hazard of a change of dynasty should be again incurred. Nor do we believe that the significant signs which we have lately seen—in the address of Prince Napoleon at Limoges, in the recent speech of Count Morny to the Conseil Général of the Puy-de-Dôme, in the eloquent advice of Count Persigny that France should follow in the free-trade policy, and cultivate the friendship, of England, and, finally, in the accepted report of Prince Napoleon on the necessity of relaxing the "tutelage" exercised over the colonists of Algeria,—will be misinterpreted if we regard them as implying a real intention on the part of the Emperor to retrace in some measure the steps he had so unadvisedly taken in the hope of strengthening his throne. Of this, at least, we are sure, that it is the true policy of Louis Napoleon to develop the municipal institutions, and encourage the spirit of local self-government, which he has unwisely done so much to crush. It is in the country, and not in the great cities, that his chief strength lies. Despite the unjust and irritating deportations which took place in all the departments of France, under the Ministry of Espinasse, the name of Napoleon has still great power in the rural districts of France, and were the Emperor to intrust more constitutional freedom to the Conseils Generaux and the other local institutions, he would, probably, find that he gained far more moral influence and popularity by the purely voluntary adhesions he would thus secure, than he would lose in abandoning the

right of physical control. And we are willing to hope that the Emperor's own convictions are at length turning in the same direction. He has never apparently forgotten that he is not, like his uncle,—“the child of the revolution,”—but that he owes in great measure to an inherited name, to a tradition of the past, that popular regard, whatever its degree, which his uncle could never have secured had not his rapid elevation served to express the lively hatred entertained by the revolutionary party to all aristocratic and hereditary traditions. The first Emperor was a kind of revolutionary idol—the present Emperor, so far as his power is really acceptable to the French, represents a distinct attachment in the popular mind to the idea of a settled succession,—a monarchy, not certainly *more* distasteful because it first originated with the people, but yet hereditary in a single family. The difference between the two positions is wide. The first Emperor could not so easily have governed under the limitations of a constitutional monarchy,—the limitations imposed by the observance of municipal rights and the principles of local self-government,—because he had his whole reputation to make for himself; and these little distinct centres of force where the old traditions always linger longest, might never have accepted the new government until he had won their admiration by that policy which could not have been worked at all consistently with any respect for their rights. But Louis Napoleon's accession to power was simply an alternative preferred by the French people to the restoration of any of the older dynasties. A return to settled traditions of some kind they did wish for. They were weary of the incompetence and uncertainties of the Republic. They accepted a strong hand and a great name, rather than try new hands, or names associated with régimes which had been neither brilliant nor honest. It was a political compromise which lifted the third Napoleon to power,—a compromise between the general weariness of disorder, and the disgust still entertained for the old Orleanist and Bourbon régimes. It was a return to traditions of authority, though not to the traditions of those monotonous and narrow-hearted royal lines which had fairly worn out the regard of the French people. But seeing that it was a compromise between the revolutionary traditions and the principle of arbitrary authority,—between the popular and the monarchical principles,—municipal institutions and local political action might safely have been trusted by the Emperor instead of distrusted and suppressed. Conservative as these are, they always cherish, no doubt, the last germs of resistance to a perfectly new dynasty; but his was not a new dynasty, but one whose name had sunk deeper

into the hearts of the peasantry than that of any of the royal families of France. Local influences,—the change once made,—would have been eminently favorable to his régime, had it been a quiet and constitutional régime. Even the Orleanists still admit that the success of Louis Napoleon depends on his helping the rural districts to make their voice powerfully heard against the cities. It was a revolution that made his uncle's reputation, but his uncle's reputation has placed him in some measure in the position of a legitimate King. The imagination of the common people readily acquiesces in the rule of a Napoleon,—and local or municipal institutions are never active hot-beds of rebellion, unless the *imagination* of the people is insulted, and some fond popular memory of better rule is cherished there.

We believe, therefore that Louis Napoleon, would have shown great wisdom in trusting and developing the principle of local self-government in France. We hope and incline to believe that he sees at last the wisdom of this course, that he recognizes how powerful an ally he may thus gain against the tumultuous Republicans of Paris. The following words of Count de Morny are, we believe, full of truth, and we trust that they are as true indications of the purpose of the Emperor, as they are true. “On the day when the department, the commune, and the individual, may as it were manage their own affairs, much discontent which is now expressed towards the Central Government will disappear. I think that several reforms will be made in this [the present] state of things, thanks to the initiative and the powerful will of the Emperor, who has long studied all the elements of this question.” “Our national unity,” said the Prince Napoleon at Limoges, “prepared during a long succession of centuries, and established by the Revolution, has nothing to fear henceforth from the exaggeration of individualism or of a local spirit. The danger does not lie there. It should be found rather in the opposite tendency, if this latter were developed in an excessive degree. In fact, what we ought to fear is the absorption of individual energies by collective power, the substitution of the Government in the place of the citizen in every act of social life, the enfeebling of all personal initiative under the tutelage of an exaggerated administrative centralization.” These are remarkable words, and we see nothing in the antecedents of the present Emperor—*except* his own recent and unhappy precedents—to induce him to fear the consequences of initiating such a policy. And in any case, sooner or later such a policy must certainly be initiated, if the present dynasty is to outlive the present Emperor.

From The Economist.

FRENCH COLONIZATION : ALGERIA.

THERE can be no more instructive application of the principle of excessive centralization than its application to a distant colony. It is pretty evident that all the evils of centralization increase in a proportion far more rapid than that of the increase in the distance from the centre of Government. The first, and perhaps the greatest, evil of the system, indeed, does not depend at all on the magnitude of the distance from the seat of Government, but is equally great for the neighboring province or for the distant dependency,—we mean the evil of being wholly dependent on any external authority at all, instead of being self-governed as regards all local affairs, and, therefore, self-dependent. But when we come to the physical evils of centralization,—the complications and hindrances to all social and commercial enterprise which it necessitates,—it is obvious that these will be vastly increased with every step of removal from the centre of authority. The business on which the central authority has to decide will be not only less understood, but less cared for, the further it is from the scene of action and the person aggrieved by delay. There is clearly far more hope that the Minister of the Interior will understand and attend to the points submitted to him by a merchant of Bordeaux or a manufacturer of Lyons, than that the Foreign or Colonial Minister will understand and attend to the points submitted to him by an energetic capitalist in Algeria. We cannot, therefore, regret that the centralization which has done so much harm in France, has been extended in even an exaggerated form to Algeria. The radical evil of the system is there seen almost in caricature. There at last it has drawn the attention of the present Government, and, as we have occasion to point out in another article, there is good reason to hope that in attempting to remedy the evil, they will not stop with Algeria. When the whole breadth of the Mediterranean intervenes between the bureau and every petty local right it controls, the bureaucratic system condemns itself. But then no thinking statesmen can pass the sentence of condemnation without seeing that the principle at least includes cases nearer home.

And, accordingly, we find that the report of the Prince Napoleon on the condition of Algeria and the political prospects of that dependency is summed up in a few remarkable words which have a much wider application than is there given to them. "Much good has been done and immense results have been achieved. . . . The conquest and security of the country are, thanks to the glorious efforts of our army, complete; crimes are rare; the roads and property are safe, and the taxes are

regularly paid. Yet there is scarcely any colonization; there are barely 200,000 Europeans, of whom half are French; less than 100,000 agriculturists; *capital scarce; the spirit of initiation and of enterprise stifled; discouragement among the colonists and capitalists who present themselves to fertilize the soil of Algeria.*" That this is not in any way too gloomy a picture of the actual state of things in Algeria, a very few facts will show. The French have held Algeria with a more or less certain grasp since 1830, and a great quantity of fertile and unoccupied land has been during that period at the disposal of the French Government, and a great deal more in the hands of colonists who did not use and were anxious to sell it,—yet during all that period Algeria has not received as many emigrants from all Europe as left Great Britain and Ireland for the United States *only*, in any one year between 1849 and 1853. And yet during all this period France has been spending lavishly on her only considerable dependency, and increasing the value of land and capital by every kind of improvement which a Government can undertake. The natives have received inestimable commercial benefits from the French conquest. Before the French conquest the cost of a bull in Algeria was about 16s; a sheep, 2s; a hundred eggs or oranges, 6d; and a quarter of wheat, 26s; now the prices are those of Europe, and the incomes of the inhabitants have risen in proportion. But the colonists and capitalists would probably have gladly exchanged all these benefits of a beneficent Government for a little relaxation in the minute supervision and centralization to which they have been subjected. "A net of high roads," says the recent historian of Algeria, M. Pulszky, "has been constructed all over the Regency. . . . It is an every-day occurrence to see wild Hajutes and ragged Kabyles in the stage-coaches which run in every direction from Algiers over the Metija and across the Atlas. Great works of drainage and of irrigation have been commenced, and are carried on with vigor in the plains around Algiers, Bona, Constantine, Mascara, and Oran," and yet the colony does not prosper, and a deficit of more than three millions sterling in a single year, on an administration of which the total expenditure is but four millions, is by no means uncommon.

In fact, the cost of the army of occupation and of the whole French administration of Algiers appears to be paid by France,—the revenue of the province being barely sufficient to cover the cost of the public works and the plantation of new settlements. France has spent millions—eighty millions sterling was spent within twenty years of the conquest—on the conquest and colonization of this prov-

ince, and still its revenue does not defray much more than one-seventh part of its cost. Seven millions sterling were devoted in the same twenty years to public works alone, and though with the great result to the natives of which we have spoken, with no beneficial result to the colony. "In vain," says M. Pulszky, "has the administration sent over the paupers of France, built villages, bought all the necessary agricultural tools and cattle, and even cleared the ground for them by soldiers;" in vain have the soldiers been rewarded with land for their services, and political offenders transported thither: the result is insignificant, and mainly, if not only, because the French authorities leave no freedom of action to the settlers; or, as Prince Napoleon expresses it, because "the spirit of initiative and of enterprise has been stifled." And he recommends to the Emperor the true and only remedy for this condition of things when he says, "in the civil districts it is necessary to put an end to the close tutelage exercised by Government over interests and persons."

The truth is, that the Kabyles or mountain tribes, and the Arabs who inhabit the great plains which are not suitable for colonization, have gained far more by the French occupation than the Moors and the European colonists who are subjected to the civil rule of France. The former have gained almost all the benefit of the public works, and yet not experienced the pressure of the French bureaucratic system. They are still governed entirely by their native chiefs, who acknowledge the supremacy of France, but are left untroubled by its legislative yoke. The inhabitants of the towns and the civil districts, on the other hand, are trammelled by that paralyzing system of French centralization to which the Prince Napoleon alludes as the great impediment to all progress. Englishmen are at first scarcely able to credit the accounts which are given upon the best authority, as to the extent and intricacy of this system. M. Pulszky says, indeed, that the French Government meddles "*even more*" than the English Colonial Office "in the affairs of the colonists. But the fact is, that any Colonial Minister in England who might propose a scheme of superintendence for an English colony in any way approximating to the common practice in France for regulating the affairs of Algeria, would fall from power amid a storm of scornful indignation. The Algerian colonists can scarcely make any investment of capital at all, without making applications and lodging depositions, which must be submitted to the French officials, and frequently go to Paris for the sanction of the Home Government. "There have been instances," says an able contemporary,

in Algiers, of important manufactories being constructed, and having, after their completion, *to wait two years* for a Government license before commencing operations. Only the funds of a large company could withstand the drain of such a system. How many small capitalists must have been ruined in similar transactions, or have shunned the attempt!" Again, before the immigrant can acquire a concession of land, he must wait an indefinite period, and has then to satisfy a set of most exacting conditions,—to prove himself in the possession of funds to a given amount, and then to build a house, plant a given number of trees to the acre, and clear all his land within a given time. What Englishman would desire to take land in Canada, or even in Ireland, on such conditions as these? And how can the French wonder that there is "scarcely any colonization at all," when such a process lies before the colonist? Even the official reports do not assert any increase in the number of French colonists during the last eleven years, but give the numbers pretty nearly as they were estimated in 1847. Prince Napoleon will do more than any former ruler for the Algerian colony, if he only recognizes the English principle that Government does infinitely more harm than good by attempting to regulate what lies beyond its sphere of observation. And, in bringing the working of this colonial principle conspicuously before the Imperial Government, he cannot but confirm the Ministry in their present disposition to apply to the less distant, and perhaps less glaring, provincial grievances the remedy found absolutely urgent in the case of Algeria.

From The Spectator.

"SETTLED QUESTIONS."

As things are in England, it requires but little foresight to discern the too great probability of some form of national disaster. For if ever the country was in that dangerous and significant condition which is called "fools' paradise," it is so now. And in the boasts that are loudly, or tacitly, circulated it is as easy as possible to see the germs of "ill luck," as negligence is generally called. We have conquered China, and the recommencement of difficulties at Canton can scarcely make our politicians perceive that the more we gain on that uncertain ground, the more we risk. It was but yesterday that we were exulting in the combining together of two continents by a permanent "link;" and the link literally snaps, or at least is strained, before our crowings have ceased. We boast that we have done with party opinions, merely because we are at present unable to discern how political parties will rearrange them-

selves. And in like manner this latest news from China fills us with exultation, when it ought to fill us with anxiety. It will need some sharper rebuff than we have yet experienced to awaken us from these dreams.

It is easy to account for this national temper, and perhaps the inquiry may not be altogether useless in encouraging a healthy reaction. Most of the politicians of the day have lived at least a part of their lives during a struggle to attain the practical solution of some great question. Not a few of us, and the fathers of the rest, had a hard fight, in argument, and almost in sterner weapons, to bring about the recognition of political equality for Dissenters; the political servitude of Roman Catholics had to be abolished by a severe struggle, in reasoning and in that kind of Parliamentary warfare which is well-nigh worse than the conflict of the field. The Whigs, who retain certain contracted notions of the degree to which this country may realize in modern days the theory of our constitution, had a lifelong struggle with the Tories, to extend the representation of the people; they beat those heirs of the Stuart faction, and carried their Reform Bill. The theoretical conviction of Robert Peel's youth ultimately became coincident with the demands of the trading classes, whose power the Reform Bill had augmented; and with the cry of the manufacturing classes we carried Free Trade. We have thus settled the greatest questions that had formed the staple of political controversy; until at last controversy itself seemed to have come to an end. When the Chartists, professing to carry out the dogma of the constitution, and the promises of the statesmen and middle-class men whom they aided in '30 and '31, asked for an extension of the franchise to themselves and their fellows, they encountered a combined resistance; and traitors amongst themselves assisted in reducing their petition *ad absurdum* by adulterating the millions of signatures with hosts of forgeries and ribaldries; and in that way Chartism, notwithstanding the recognition given to it by the prophetic philosophy of a Carlyle, or the practical economy of an Edward Gibbon Wakefield, seemed to be disposed of by being "shelved." It had cost two or three generations to bring about the closing of the other great questions; the country had been rather tired after the struggle; other objects have attracted popular attention. Parties had become broken up in the conflict; party objects have been so far disturbed and displaced; and with the millennium of the French alliance and the Atlantic cable, we seem also to have attained a millennium of faction, in the impossibility at the present day of discriminating between Whig or Radical, Chartist or

Tory, Freetrader or Protectionist; each being all, and the representative of every section willing enough to do the work of the rest, if they will only let him. We have nothing more to dispute about; nothing more but to enrol the whole people in one great joint-stock company, with sufficient confidence in the chairman and directors of Downing Street to transact any business; and thus we are absolved for ever from the trouble of exploring, contesting, or settling public questions. So confirmed are many persons in these convictions, that some of the loftiest minds amongst us have thought it time to turn altogether from inferior and secular questions to others, which appear to be of an enduring interest; and High Church or Low Church has been seeking to take possession of the entire public mind. Geniuses more recondite, from Oxford or Cambridge, have superciliously smiled at the small struggles of the past, and have promised henceforward that we shall carry on public affairs without any of the petty scandals which we have witnessed, if we will only educate the people, adopt sufficiently scientific methods, and leave all to exalted intellects. The day has come when high science shall be the dictator; and in the present festivities at Leeds we almost see a prophetic masque, in which the Sovereign heads a procession, supported by the statesmen and municipalities of the land, under the guidance of the British Association for the Advancement of Science; music lending its rhythmical throb to the exultation of the hour.

The kind of general tacit agreement in this assumption is but the indulgence of that appetite for *completion* which man can never shake off. He is constantly aspiring to arrive at some stage on which he shall repose, although he has not yet attained the smallest proof that in this human journey we are ever to reach "that goal" about which we have so many allegorical promises. There is not a settled question of our yesterday's list that is not at this moment paralleled by some rising question for to-morrow. The Reform Bill, which some even amongst the Democrats of 1831 believed to have closed the capital account of our Constitution, is reflected by that Reform Bill of 1859, which speakers of the new philosophical class, the representatives of all the great towns, and the leaders of every party in the country, have recognized as an unavoidable necessity of the morrow. Even the religious question settled in Catholic Emancipation and the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts, is reflected by the intrigues of a Wiseman or a Wilberforce, a West, a Poole, or a Gresley, to supersede the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, to set up new standards within the national church, or to mislead the

people whom they can no longer coerce. Free Trade, which we have settled for ourselves, is but germinating in our relations with France, Russia, and Austria, the great Absolutist Protectionists, with whom the telegraph brings us into closest communication, and whom the commercial marine of the world places in contiguity with our dock-yards. There is not a foreign question which we boasted to have settled a year or two back that is not open to wider proportions, either by the proceedings of the conferences in Paris, or by our own acts subsequently. We vaunted the settlement of Turkey in Europe, by admitting the Sultan to the European system and defining the relation of his vassals to the Porte; and we have just been bombarding Jeddah, and reconsidering a measure which will make the Danubian principalities semi-independent; after discovering the impossibility of sending a telegraph through Asiatic possessions of Turkey on account of her uncertain dominion; and, in short, confessing to our own minds that "the sick man" is sicker than ever he was. Russia, beaten in the war, has beaten us in the conferences; and while she is beginning to supply her deficiencies by the great railway which will form her own high road from the north to the south of the old world, the Pansclavonianism which she patronizes, as rampant as ever in our Ionian islands, is again threatening "the integrity of the Ottoman empire." The questions of Italy and of Naples, never settled, are now augmented by the question of Portugal, upon which France is making some covert encroachment. Spain is a standing difficulty. As for India, we have been reconstructing the home Government before we have reestablished our tenure of Hindostan; while the ex-Ministerial organ is announcing that the European garrison of Bengal cannot be lowered from its present standard; the whole question of holding India by Indian means being reopened by the state of the facts. There is not a question which we thought to have closed, abroad or at home, that is not renewed in some wider question now opened, or on the point of opening.

To say nothing of new questions, or old

questions in a new form—Austria going "to resume cash payments in November;" Russia emancipating her serfs, who so little understand the emancipation that they are playing "Swing" to mark their appreciation of it; while "the Empire" that "is peace" is carrying on a policy which compels every European Government to augment its armies.

And it is in conjunction with France that we have "settled" the China question; our other assistants in that operation being the United States, for whom some have imagined a Chinese Empire parallel to our Indian Empire, and Russia, who has already established herself on the Amoor or Sagalien, as we foresaw years ago that she would do. So much has the war arrested her progress! China is proclaimed as "open" because we have succeeded in gaining access to the central sovereign, and in so far beating down the local authority that a certain free trade is granted in diplomatic intercourse, in the establishment of factories at a number of seaport towns, and in Christianizing. We, the British, have gained this freedom of action amongst the two or three hundred millions of yellow-skinned, flat-faced, inert, pedagogue-ridden, ignorant, conceited Mongols, whose common sense consists in submitting to the most ridiculous tyrannies, and in the endeavor to outwit "the Barbarian." In other words, we have established a free trade in encroachment upon the Chinese Empire, with all its capabilities,—a free trade in competitive proselytism, a free trade in commercial sharp-dealing,—a free trade such as this not only for Englishmen and our own sects, but also for the Yankee Republic with its countless projects, for Catholic France with its Jesuits and its duplicities, and for Greek Russia with its rooted ambitions in the extreme East. And this we call "settling" a question; as if we could not understand that it is *opening* the most gigantic questions, commercial, political, administrative, diplomatic, military, and religious, between the most powerful and restless powers of the world, on the widest field within a national boundary; that field being already crowded with the lowest rabble which is by courtesy called "civilized!"

DIVINE JUDGMENTS.—"Never," says Donne, "think it a weakness to call that a judgment of God, which others determine in nature. Do so, so far as works to thy edification who seest that

judgment, though not so far as to argue and conclude the final condemnation of that man upon whom that judgment is fallen."—*Sermon xli.*, p. 466.

From Chambers's Journal.

THE OLD VILLAGE AND ITS INMATES.

IN spite of railways, electric telegraphs, and all the other annihilators of peace, quietness, and sylvan solitude, there are *some* quaint rural districts in Old England still—some old villages where everybody does *not* know, day by day, what all the world is doing; where the villagers are content to dwell from youth to age amid their own people; as primitive, as ignorant, as old-fashioned as if the great clock of time had stood still for them since the penultimate peace.

Such is the village of Thyndon. Left between two great lines of railway, five miles from a post-town, with only one "great house" in its vicinity, and scarcely any country neighborhood, it is the Thyndon of a century ago, unchanged, and with comparatively little chance of changing.

Of course, being a place in which modern bricks, stones, and mortar are almost unknown, it has a most magnificent church, the delight and pride of the village, as well as the admiration of every architecturally disposed visitor. Such aisles; such a chancel, such a screen! You would go far to find any like them. The centre aisle is so wide that three can walk abreast up it, although the school children sit in double rows on each side, between the pew doors. The monuments are old and singular; the wood-carved pulpit and screen, gems of art; and the windows worthy of calling Milton's delicious lines to memory by the "dim religious light" which streams in rosy or purple glory through their tinted panes. The belfry, too, is worthy of great admiration, and has a sad story attached to it—too horrible indeed to be given here. Poor Joe Milward! he was as good a husband and father as the village ever boasted, and well beloved besides as a kind neighbor and "good fellow." The catastrophe by which he lost his life made people wish that the vacant little cottage which stood close beside the churchyard might be given to widows instead of to the eldest unmarried woman of the village, but the rector could not alter the will of the founder. It must be a more modern charity that would come to the aid of the widow of Joe Milward; and she was taken care of and provided for, both she and her six little ones, though not in that way.

The houses near this glorious church deserve our first attention. They are as an-

cient as the holy pile itself, and of the most picturesque description. On each side of the entrance stand two small detached cottages, destined—as we have hinted above—the one for the eldest spinster, the other for the eldest bachelor of the parish, provided they were of respectable character. A small meadow is attached to each tiny dwelling, which itself looks like a bee-hive, buried amidst green leaves and flowering shrubs. On one side of the church stands the parsonage, a long rambling dwelling with high gable ends, tall chimneys, and a clock-tower; it also is embosomed in trees, and covered with ivy. Its quaint old garden opens into the churchyard, and is rich in old-fashioned roses (not standards), lilies of the valley, and all the fair blossoms, now half-forgotten, which perfume, as it were, the poetry of the *Winter's Tale* and *Lycidas*.

Here dwells the good old rector, a widower with one unmarried daughter. The other lives at Merton's End—the "Home of the Old Ladies" as it is called even now—as a happy and adored wife. But we have something to tell of that fair dame before we quit the time-honored rectory for her present dwelling, which is also the squire's—a deed so courageous that the village has been two or three degrees prouder of itself ever since it happened.

The squire had fallen in love with the fair Adelaide, and the wedding-day was to be on the morrow of that on which our adventure happened. Grand preparations were made for the wedding; and the rector's fine old plate, and the costly gifts of the bride, were discussed with pride and pleasure at the Hare and Hounds, in the presence of some strangers who had come down to a prize-fight which had taken place in the neighborhood.

That night, Adelaide, who occupied a separate room from her sister, sat up late—long after all the household had retired to rest. She had had a long interview with her father and had been reading a chapter to which he had directed her attention, and since, had packed up her jewels, &c. She was consequently still dressed when the church-clock tolled midnight. As it ceased, she fancied she heard a low noise like that of a file; she listened but could distinguish nothing clearly. It might have been made by some of the *servants* still about, or perhaps it was only the creaking of the old trees.

She heard nothing but the sighing of the winter winds for many minutes afterwards. Housebreakers were mere myths in primitive Thyndon, and the bride-elect, without a thought of fear, resumed her occupation. She was gazing on a glittering set of diamonds, destined to be worn at the wedding, when her bedroom door softly opened. She turned, looked up, and beheld a man with a black mask, holding a pistol in his hand, standing before her.

She did not scream, for her first thought was for her father, who slept in the next room, and to whom any sudden alarm might be death, for he was old, feeble, and suffering from heart-complaint. She confronted the robber boldly, and addressed him in a whisper: "You are come," she said, "to rob us. Spare your soul the awful guilt of murder. My father sleeps next to my room, and to be startled from his sleep would kill him. Make no noise, I beg of you."

The fellow was astonished and cowed. "We won't make no noise," he replied sullenly, "if you give us every thing quietly."

Adelaide drew back and let him take her jewels—not without a pang, for they were precious love-gifts, remarking at the same time, that two more masked ruffians stood at the half-opened door. As he took the jewel-case and watch from the table, and demanded her purse, she asked him if he intended to go into her father's room. She received a surly affirmative: "he wasn't a-going to run a risk and leave half the tin behind!" She proposed instantly that she should go herself, saying: "I will bring you whatever you wish, and you may guard me thither, and kill me if I play false to you." The fellow consulted his comrades, and after a short parley, they agreed to the proposal; and with a pistol pointed at her head, the dauntless girl crossed the passage, and entered the old rector's room. Very gently she stole across the chamber, and removing his purse, watch, keys, and desk, gave them up to the robbers who stood at the door. The old man slept peacefully and calmly, thus guarded by his child, who softly shut the door, and demanded if the robbers were yet satisfied.

The leader replied that they should be when they had got the show of plate spread out below, but that they couldn't let her out of sight, and that she must go with them.

In compliance with this mandate, she followed them down stairs to the dining-room, where a splendid wedding-breakfast had been laid to save trouble and hurry on the morrow. To her surprise, the fellows—eight in number when assembled—seated themselves and prepared to make a good meal. They ordered her to get them out wine, and to cut her own wedding-cake for them; and then seated at the head of the table, she was compelled to preside at this extraordinary revel.

They ate, drank, laughed, and joked; and Adelaide, quick of ear, and eye had thus time to study, in her quiet way, the figures and voices of the whole set.

When the repast was ended, and the plate transferred to a sack, they prepared to depart, whispering together, and glancing at the young lady. For the first time, Adelaide's courage gave way, and she trembled; but it was not a consultation against her as it proved. The leader, approaching her, told her that they did not wish to harm her—that she was "a jolly wench, reg'lar game," and they wouldn't hurt her, but that she must swear not to give an alarm till nine or ten the next day, when they should be off all safe. To this she was of course obliged to assent, and then they all insisted on shaking hands with her. She noticed during this parting ceremony, that one of the ruffians had only three fingers on the left hand.

Alone, in the despoiled room, Adelaide, faint and exhausted, awaited the first gleam of daylight; then, as the robbers did not return, she stole up to her room, undressed, and fell into a disturbed slumber. The consternation of the family next morning may be imagined; and Adelaide's story was still more astounding than the fact of the robbery itself. Police were sent for from London, and they, guided by Adelaide's lucid description of her midnight guests, actually succeeded in capturing every one of the gang, whom the young lady had no difficulty in identifying and swearing to—the "three fingered Jack" being the guiding clue to the discovery. The stolen property was nearly all recovered, and the old rector always declared—and with truth—that he owed his life to the self-possession and judgment of his eldest daughter.

The only ill effect of the great trial to her nerves, was a disposition, on the part of the young heroine, to listen for midnight sounds,

and start uneasily from troubled dreams; but time and change of residence soon effected its cure.

The house to which this strangely preceded marriage led Adelaide, was a fine old mansion, dating its erection from the very days of Elizabeth. A straight drive through two gates, such as is peculiar to the entrance of old French chateaus, leads up to the entrance, on each side of which stand two very old tulip-trees, of unusual size and beauty. There is something very picturesque in the quaint gables, and the bell-tower in the centre between them; and against the side of the house is a wall-dial, the only one of its kind to be seen, perhaps, now in England. Here, on the weather-stained bricks, it has counted the hours of human life for three hundred years.

The last occupants were three aged ladies, whose long residence and venerable appearance gave a new name to Merton's End, which, from their time, has been called by the villagers the Home of the Old Ladies. The eldest of the three was but twenty years old when she came to live there; she was ninety-five the very day the old wall-dial pointed to her last hour. So long a continuance in so quiet a place might seem to imply a life of unbroken tranquillity, and doubtless the great age to which they attained might have proceeded from the peaceful lapse of time; and yet *they*, too, had a history. There was a tinge of romance about their youth which had colored their long slow life.

When, in the bloom of early years, they had come to dwell at Merton's End, it had been judged proper—the eldest being only twenty—to place them under the care of a widowed lady, distantly related to their family. Now, it so chanced that this gentlewoman had been educated in Paris, and had there imbibed much of the literary tastes and affectation of philosophy which were the fashion of the day. She delighted in believing herself an English Du Defand, far superior to the prejudices of her time and country; and read and discussed with great vivacity those gay French writers who, by their wit and sentimentalities, divorced from common sense, were sowing the dragon's teeth of the Reign of Terror. This lady had a nephew—English by birth, but brought up in France—a man about thirty, who held an office in the French court, and was as really learned and witty as his aunt dreamed of being. This

gentleman was, soon after their establishment at Merton's End, invited to visit his relative.

One can fancy how gay the old house was in those days—the three fair sisters brightening it with smiles, and glad voices, and merry household ways—and how the neighboring young squires would ride slowly by, on summer eventides, to catch a glimpse of the young ladies of the manor, as they sat talking beneath the old tulip-trees. It was thought they would soon wed, for they were all well grown and fair, and co-heiresses; and in those days, celibacy was less common than now. There was *the* old maid of Thyndon itself, and in families, rarely more than one remained unmarried. It was because it was rare, perhaps, that the single state was more marked then than at present; just as people then talked of *the* beauty of a county or of a ball—probably some damsel who had escaped small-pox—whereas now so many stars twinkle, that selection can scarcely be made, thanks to vaccination and refined education.

But the suitors who already aspired to the favor of the sisters, had small chance of success when the expected guest arrived. Truly, that same Walter Selby was a contrast to the somewhat clownish Nimrods of the vicinity. The man of dogs and horses stood no chance beside the finished French courtier, who preferred ladies' society to the hunt, drank tea with them out of diminutive cups and saucers, understood and appreciated a graceful fashion, and told them fascinating stories of the brilliant world of Paris, with its gaiety, its bon mots, its mesmerism, its mixture of fantastic superstitions and bold infidelity: how Marie Antoinette, choosing to wear shoes of a mixed green called *l'uni-vert* which did not take the fancy of her court, appealed to the judgment of a reverend abbé, supposed to be the very "mask of fashion;" and how the gallant priest replied by a punning compliment: "Madame, l'univers (*l'uni-vert*) sied bien à vos pieds." Or he told of the wonderful Count of St. Germain, who contrived to persuade the Parisians of his immortality on earth, till he died—he was not dead then and guest and damsels gravely discussed the possibility of prolonging even to infinitude that life, their own portion of which was destined to drag on till its light and freshness had long perished. What, after such an abbe and such a magician, was the quiet, broad-brimmed young parson of the village, who

colored and stammered at the slightest approach to a compliment and the country doctor, whose patients died without at all surprising him. And after this modern Othello, how could they listen to the untravelled youth around them.

The stranger gave a new charm to Merton's End, and, alas! threw an unhappy glamour over its fair inmates individually. Skilled in coquetry, he managed to persuade each that she was the object of his especial preference, the spell which bound him for so long to Merton's End. He had held the hand of one, as if involuntarily, and resigned it with a sigh; another had found him continually beside her in her walks: all three could recall tender glances and soft tones, gentle words, and those indefinable nothings that are the silent language of undeclared affection. Yet not one could be sufficiently certain of his intentions to confide in her sisters, and thus rend the veil of deception. He deceived all three at the same moment—an easy feat, when those betrayed are simple-minded and honest, and the betrayer an experienced swindler of affection.

At length his visit ended, with a promise of a speedy return; and a meaning in each parting clasp of their hands, and farewell in their ear; and for years that return was expected with something of the feeling, as time sped on, of Mariana in the moated grange. How often did the sisters gaze mournfully across the wide heath from the drawing-room windows, in hope of his coming whom they might see no more: it was this unspoken hope, this secret affection, that caused suitor after suitor to be rejected, till youth glided by and lovers ceased to woo. The old aunt died; the French revolution had long since shaken Europe—they believed it had somehow occasioned Walter's absence—and the sisters settled down into grave middle-aged ladies.

The eldest, who had been most infected by her aunt's tastes, preserved all her life a withered rose Walter Selby had given her, in a painted tiffany-case, and wrote poetry upon disappointed affection; some of which, very yellow, very oddly spelt, and a little lame in the feet, Adelaide has found since she took possession of the old lady's boudoir, or, as *she* would have called it, "her closet."

The others took to lapdogs and parrots; and one, the youngest, was the Lady Bountiful of the village. All did good in their sev-

eral ways, and, however blighted and saddened, were not embittered by the disappointment. When the tulip-trees, beneath which they had sat in blooming girlhood, were in fuller beauty than ever, and their own loveliness had become a myth, Walter Selby came to Merton's End once more.

The letter announcing his approaching visit excited quite a sensation in the minds of the quiet ladies. Time flew back, as it were, or at least parted with a quiver of his wings the mist spreading over the past; and the courtier of other days returned so vividly to their mental vision, that it was with a feeling of surprise and unconscious disappointment they beheld a thin, grey-headed old gentleman—an aged *petit maitre*—instead of the graceful personage they had known of yore. Walter was as bland, as courteous, as would-be fascinating as ever. The flirt was the flirt still, even in undignified old age; but the days of working mischief were gone by. The ladies saw him depart, after a brief visit, with friendly feelings, but no wish for his return.

Of the sorrow he had once caused—of the shadow and the solitariness he had brought on their lives, they now retained little perception. They had, by their cheerful habits of content, grown like the wall-dial, that only counts the sunny hours; the shadows glided unnumbered by them.

In due time, the beautiful church embosomed them; and the dial now tells hours of happiness for a young distant kinsman and his bride, the "Adelaide" of the rectory; and probably Merton's End will regain its real name once more.

The village is not without a haunted house, of course; but in this case there is a marked singularity in the site of the goblin's freaks: it is the school which is haunted! Nobody knows why, or by whom. Luckily, ghosts shun daylight; and the dame who lives above the schoolroom has, as she phrases it, "got used to its ways," so that many little ones still are taught there, and things go on much as if the ghost were quite an ordinary inhabitant of Thyndon—a harmless eccentricity, doing no injury to any one.

Many an ivy-covered cottage, dotted about in green lanes, or clustering down the single grassy street, forms the remainder of the village; and the inmates of these dwellings are, as we have said, a primitive and old-fashioned people, though they are getting good teaching—which threatens to lay the ghost at the village school, and are quietly gliding into the superior knowledge, and some of the arts of the present. To those who love that favorite of our youth, Goldsmith's *Deserted Village*, and would fain see something of such as Auburn was in its bright days, we recommend a visit to Thyndon.

LITTLE BESSIE,
AND THE WAY IN WHICH SHE FELL ASLEEP.

"Hug me closer, closer, mother,
Put your arms around me tight;
I am cold and tired, mother,
And I feel so strange to-night:
Something hurts me here, dear mother,
Like a stone upon my breast;
Oh, I wonder, wonder, mother,
Why it is I cannot rest!

"All day long while you were working,
As I lay upon my bed,
I was trying to be patient,
And to think of what you said;
How the kind and blessed Jesus
Loves His lambs to watch and keep;
And I wished He'd come and take me
In His arms, that I might sleep.

"Just before the lamp was lighted,
Just before the children came,
While the room was very quiet,
I heard some one call my name.
All at once the window opened,
In a field were lambs and sheep,
Some from out a brook were drinking,
Some were lying fast asleep.

"But I could not see the Saviour,
Though I strained my eyes to see;
And I wondered if He saw me,
He would speak to such as me?
In a moment I was looking
On a world so bright and fair,
Which was full of little children,
And they seemed so happy there!

"They were singing, oh! how sweetly!
Sweeter songs I never heard!
They were singing sweeter, mother,
Than can sing our yellow bird.
And while I my breath was holding,
One so bright upon me smiled;
And I knew it must be Jesus,
When He said, 'Come here, my child!

"Come up here, my little Bessie!
Come up here and live with me,
Where the children never suffer,
But are happier than you see!'
Then I thought of all you told me
Of that bright and happy land;
I was going when you called me,
When you came and kissed my hand.

"And at first I felt so sorry
You had called me!—I would go
Oh! to sleep, and never suffer!
Mother, don't be crying so!
Hug me closer, closer, mother,
Put your arms around me tight;
Oh! how much I love you, mother,
But I feel so strange, to-night!"

And the mother pressed her closer
To her overburdened breast;
On the heart so near to breaking,
Lay the heart so near its rest.

In the solemn hour of midnight,
In the darkness, calm and deep,
Laying on her mother's bosom,
Little Bessie fell asleep!

ANONYMOUS.

WORDS:

FOR THE GERMAN STUDENTS' FUNERAL-TUNE
(IN MEMORIAM: NOVEMBER 1867.)

"Thou wilt call, and I shall answer Thee: Thou
wilt have respect to the work of Thine own
hands."

With steady march, along the daisy meadow
And by the churchyard wall we go;
But leave behind, under the linden shadow
One, who no more will rise and go:
Farewell, our brother, left sleeping in dust,
Till thou shalt wake again—wake with the just.

Adown the street, where neighbor laughs to
neighbor,

Adown the busy street we throng;
In noisy mirth to live, to love, to labor—
But he will be remembered long.
Sleep well, our brother! though sleeping in
dust:

Shalt thou not rise again—rise with the just?

Farewell, farewell, true heart, warm hand, left
lying

Beneath the linden branches calm;
'Tis his to live, and ours to wait for dying—
To win, while he has won, the palm.

Farewell, our brother! But one day, we trust,
Call—he shall answer Thee—God of the just!
—Chambers's Journal.

THE NIGHT BEFORE THE MOWING.

ALL shimmering in the morning shine,
And diamonded with dew,
And quivering with the scented wind,
That thrills its green heart through—
The little field, the smiling field
With all its flowers a-blowing,
How happy looks the golden field
The day before the mowing!

All still 'neath the departing light,
Twilight—though void of stars,
Save where, low westering, Venus sinks
From the red eye of Mars;
How peaceful sleeps the silent field,
With all its beauties glowing,
Half stirring—like a child in dreams—
The night before the mowing.

Sharp steel, inevitable hand,
Cut keen—cut kind! Our field
We know full well must be laid low
Before it fragrance yield.
Plenty, and mirth, and honest gain
Its blameless death bestowing—
And yet we weep, and yet we weep,
The night before the mowing!

—Chambers's Journal.